

UNIV. OF MICH.
JUL 18 1907

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM LIBRARY ROOM.

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



VOL XXXIX NO 13
JUNE 22 1907

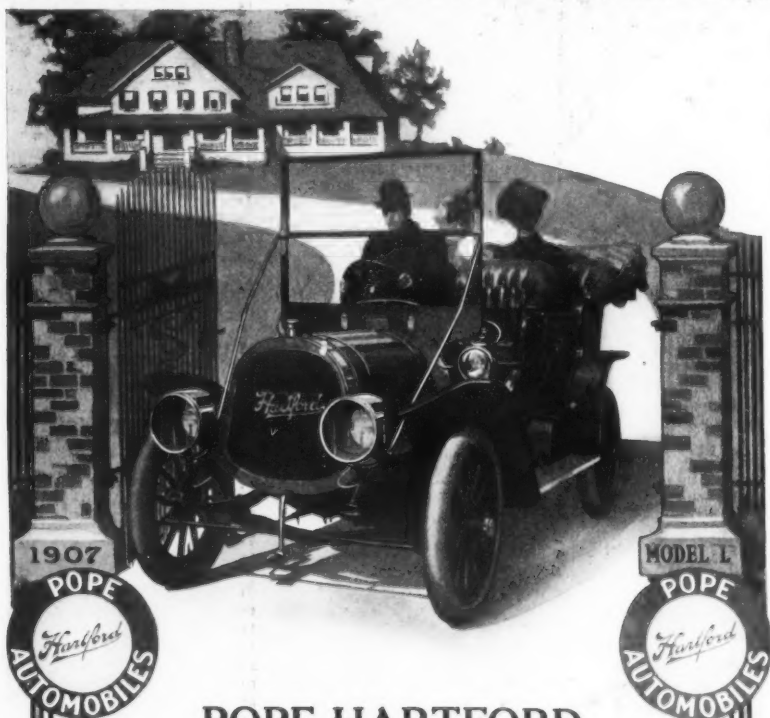
THE PICNIC

PRICE 10 CENTS
\$5.20 A YEAR

Summer is nearly here, and the hands will be making new acquaintances. With touching innocence they will find tar on boats and ropes, rust on garden tools, and stains in everything. No doubt the pleasures of active life will overtop such petty discomforts, but, when the hour comes in which it is necessary to make a "lightning change" to the proprieties of meal time or of evening dress, one friend will be found more valuable than any other, and it will indeed be "A lightning change" from play to parlor, with

HAND SAPOLIO

TAKE A CAKE TO THE COUNTRY



POPE-HARTFORD

PRICE FULLY EQUIPPED \$2750

EXTENSION TOP \$100 EXTRA

Find, if you can, a car with as clean a record. The personal experience of every Pope-Hartford owner in 1906 is your assurance and safeguard for 1907. Immunity from trouble, unfailing uniformity of performance—these two vital virtues have been rendered doubly certain in Model L by the remarkable record of Model F.

Last year's best has been immeasurably bettered. You have in the 1907 Pope-Hartford a 25-30 H.P. car as close to mechanical infallibility as unsurpassed Pope facilities and invaluable Pope experience can possibly make it.

Model L Runabout Equipment \$2750

Two bucket seats in front, third seat removable

Pope Manufacturing Company

HARTFORD, CONN.

Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers

\$54 SPOKANE and RETURN

EVERY DAY UNTIL JULY 12, ACCOUNT
ANNUAL CONVENTION BAPTIST YOUNG
PEOPLE'S UNION, SPOKANE

Above rate is from Chicago—proportionately low rates from all eastern points.

See the Rockies of Montana, make the side trip to the wonderful Kootenai country.

Only \$62.50 round trip, Chicago to Seattle, Portland, Tacoma and other Puget Sound points, on same dates. Return limit, September 15, 1907. Liberal stop-overs. See the Rockies in daylight. For a comfortable trip take the

"Oriental Limited"

or the Fast Mail daily from St. Paul and Minneapolis to Spokane and Seattle, via Great Northern Railway. Dining Cars, Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars. Compartment-Observation Car on the "Oriental Limited."

For illustrated folder and information regarding routes and rates from your city, call on or address

W. M. LOWRIE, General Eastern Pass'r Agent, 379 BROADWAY, NEW YORK
C. W. PITTS, General Agent Pass'r Dept., 220 SOUTH CLARK ST., CHICAGO
A. L. CRAIG, General Passenger Agent, ST. PAUL

Alaska—Yukon—Pacific Exposition, Seattle, June-October, 1909

Great Northern Railway

FORD "SIXES"

Don't be
A Year Behind-er

It's bad enough to buy a second-hand car—for it lacks the keen satisfaction of being on a par with your fellow-motorists. But you get it at a second-hand price—and lots of times that's a necessary consideration.

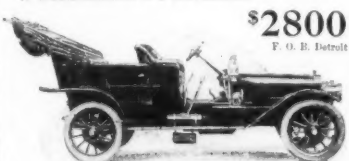
But to buy an obsolete model and pay the price of a new and up-to-date car for it, is worse—looks as if you were behind the times as well as the maker of the car.

Buying a high powered four cylinder touring car in this six-cylinder era is buying a car already out of date—practically, a second-hand car at the price of the newest and best. In six months you won't be able to dispose of it for 50% of its cost to you—observe the frantic efforts now being made to get rid of fours before the real slump occurs.

Nor should you pay a fancy price for a "six" just because it is a "six" and because there's a shortage. Ford prices are fixed on a basis of real value. And Ford prices are fixed—we permit no agent to exact a premium on Fords—never would countenance it a minute, either on run-arounds or "sixes." So long as there are any to be had you get them at list price and at first hand.

Our superior facilities—the magnitude of output and greater experience added to the original "know how"—enable us to incorporate in the Ford "six" more value than is obtainable in any other high powered, high class car made.

A Demonstration is a Revelation.



Model "K"—6-cyl.—40 H. P.

Write for catalog and address of
your nearest Ford agent or branch.

FORD MOTOR CO.
265 Piquette Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Water Way
En route
between
Detroit and Buffalo

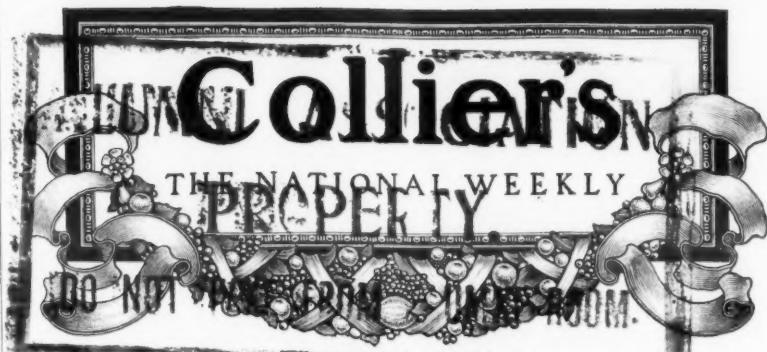
The D. & B. Line steamers leave Detroit week days at 5:00 p. m., Sundays at 4 p. m. (central time) and from Buffalo daily at 5:30 p. m. (eastern time) reaching their destination the next morning. Direct connections with early morning trains. Superior service and lowest rates between eastern and western states.

Rail Tickets Available on Steamers
All classes of tickets sold reading via Michigan Central, Wabash and Grand Trunk railways between Detroit and Buffalo in either direction will be accepted for transportation on D. & B. Line Steamers. Send two cent stamp for illustrated pamphlet and map of Great Lakes. Address,
L. G. Lewis, G. P. & T. A., Detroit, Mich.
Detroit & Buffalo Steamboat Co.
22 Wayne St., Detroit, Mich.
Philip H. McMillan, Vice-Pres.
A. A. Schmitt, Gen. Mgr.

YELLOWSTONE PARK

AND THE BIG GAME COUNTRY

A new route has been opened to the Yellowstone via The North-Western Line to Lander, Wyoming, thence across the Wind River Reservation to the Jackson Hole Country, and through the Yellowstone National Park, on one of the finest camping and hunting trips ever known. Personally conducted parties from Lander to the Park, outfitted and accompanied by the best guides in Wyoming, are being formed to make this trip through the big game country, where thousands of elk and antelope, and abundance of bear, mountain sheep and other game is to be found. The best fishing in the world. Send at once for itineraries and full particulars.
W. B. Kniskern, P. T. M., Chicago, Ill.



NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1907

THE PICNIC. Cover Design	Drawn by Albert Sterner	
THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Full-Page in Color by Maxfield Parrish	IX—Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp	6
EDITORIALS		7
THE POLITICAL FLIRTATION SEASON IS NOW ON	Cartoon by E. W. Kemble	10
THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CASE.—IV. Harry Orchard and His Story	C. P. Connolly Illustrated with Photographs	11
LIFE IN OUR TOWN.	With Decorations by C. B. Falls	13
THE ADVENTURES OF THE SCARLET CAR. Story	Richard Harding Davis III.—The Kidnappers. Illustrated by F. D. Steele	14
PHOTOGRAPHS		18
WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING.	Illustrated with Sketches by F. T. Richards	19
WHAT IS A GOOD STORY?		25

Volume XXXIX Number 13 10 Cents per Copy \$5.20 per Year

P. F. Collier & Son, Publishers, New York, 416-424 West Thirtieth Street; London, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.; and the International News Company, 5 Breems Buildings, Chancery Lane, E. C.; Toronto, Ont., 72-74 Bay Street. Copyright 1907 by P. F. Collier & Son. Entered as second-class matter February 16, 1905, at the Post-Office at New York, New York, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Change of Address.—Subscribers when ordering a change of address should give the old as well as the new address, and the ledger number on their wrapper. From two to three weeks must necessarily elapse before the change can be made, and before the first copy of Collier's will reach any new subscriber.

Collier's National Hotel Directory

NEW YORK, N. Y.
Broztell Fifth Ave. and 27th St. New, fireproof. One block from Madison Sq. Garden and B'way. 250 rooms each with bath. \$2, \$2.50, \$3. Frank A. Brobst.
Hotel Endicott 31st St. and Columbus Ave. Quiet family hotel. Adjoining finest parks, museums and drives. Coolest location. European, \$1.50 up.
Grand Union Hotel Opposite Grand Central Station. Rooms \$1 a day up. Restaurants at moderate prices. Baggage to and from sta. free.
Hotel Martha Washington 29th to 30th St. near Madison Ave. The famous woman's hotel. Thorough comfort. Moderate.
Park Avenue Hotel 323-33d St. & Park Ave. Famous for its comfort and service. Central to everything. Pleasant for long stays. Cool in summer. Built around a Palm garden 14,000 sq. ft. Reed & Barnett.
The Prince George Quiet, Artistic. Lounge, Ten, Hunt Rooms. 532 rooms with bath. East 28th St., near 5th Ave. A. E. Dick, Mgr.

Hotel Knickerbocker B'way at 42d St. "The Hotel of the Show Places of New York." Summer Terrace Restaurant. Cuisine Francaise, pronounced by gourmets finest of America. Apartments and floor services exceeding those of foremost European hotels. James B. Regan.

The New Wellington 7th Ave. and 55th St. 3 blocks from Central Park. Remodeled and newly furnished throughout. 300 rooms with bath, \$2 upwards. J. F. Champlin.

TORONTO, CANADA

The Queens Safest hotel in Canada. Telephones in every room. 100 suites with baths. Faces lake and surrounded by beautiful gardens.
TROY, N. Y.
Rensselaer New. Modeled after Old English Inn. Court yard in tile an artistic triumph. Grill. Fireproof. Suites with bath. European Plan.

Summer Resort Hotels

WHITE MOUNTAINS, N. H.
The Mount Washington at Bretton Woods in the heart of the mountains. Pure air. Pure water. Health. Comfort. Open July 15.
The Mount Pleasant June 29-Oct. 7. Direct trains from N. Y. and Boston to hotel grounds. Ascent of Mt. Washington twice daily.
The Waumbek and Cottages, Jefferson, N. H. June to October. Garage. A. J. Murphy, Manager, Laurel House, Lakewood, N. J.
Camp Algonquin A Summer Camp for Boys. Asquam Lake, Holderness, N. H. Edwin De Meritte's School, 180 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

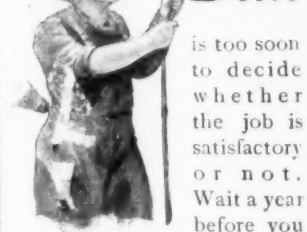
MASSACHUSETTS
Hotel Aspinwall Lenox. In the Berkshire Hills. Dry, cool and invigorating climate. Scenery unsurpassed. Open June-Nov. O. D. Seavey, Mgr.
New Ocean House Swampscott, Mass. Thoroughly modern. 30 min. from Boston. Select patronage. Booklet. Ainslie & Grabow.

RHODE ISLAND
New Hygeia Block Island. In Mid-Ocean. Capacity 300. Always cool. Finest bathing. Fishing, golf, orchestra. Booklet. J. C. Champlin, Prop.

NEW JERSEY
The Fairview Chatham. Strictly modern. Shady lawns. Best of water. All amusements. Near N. Y. Our own garden. Moderate rates.

ADIRONDACKS, N. Y.
Paul Smith's St. Regis Lake. Camp, Cottage, Casino. Hotel life. June to October. Through Pullmans from N. Y. via N. Y. Central.
Hotel Ampersand Lower Saranac Lake. W. K. Hill, Mgr. Latest Hotel Wentworth, New Castle, N. H. Address 1180 Broadway, N. Y.
The Grand View Lake Placid. A first-class hotel with all modern appointments, under efficient and permanent management. Golf, Tennis, Fishing, Boating and all other Adirondack amusements. Enjoyment and contentment. Thos. Parkes, Mgr., N. Y. address Town and Country, 289 4th Ave.
LAKE GEORGE, N. Y.
Hulett House and ten Cottages offer unrivaled comforts for those seeking a restful summer outing. H. W. Buckell, Prop.
SARATOGA, N. Y.
New Congress Hall \$15,000 improvements this year, entire new plumbing. Accommodates 1000. Cuisine unequalled.
NORTH HATLEY, QUEBEC, CANADA
Glen Villa Inn June 1 to Sept. 15, 200 guests. Beautiful lake. Golf. Tennis. Fishing. Casino, orchestra. Booklets. G. A. Le Baron, Proprietor, CANADA
The Victoria One of the best Summer Hotels in Canada, situated on Lake Deschene, eight miles from Ottawa, the Capital. Good boating, bathing, tennis. Write for particulars to James K. Paisley, Grand Union Hotel, Ottawa, Canada.

Just After the
Painting
is
Done



is too soon to decide whether the job is satisfactory or not. Wait a year before you give the paint and the painter a testimonial. Pure Lead and Oil Paint is easily imitated in appearance, both in the pail and when first spread. It is after the sun and rain have had their chance at it that the shoddy in the substitutes for lead are exposed.

Pure White Lead, such as the Dutch Boy Painter stands for, not only spreads farther and looks better, but it wears as no other paint yet discovered and leaves a perfect surface for repainting.

That last point is so important that you should read more about it. See our handsome book, full of practical painting suggestions. Free on request if you mention this periodical. Address Dept. G.



NATIONAL LEAD COMPANY

In whichever of the following cities is nearest you:
New York, Boston, Buffalo, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, Philadelphia (John T. Lewis & Bros. Co.) Pittsburgh (National Lead & Oil Co.)



The GRISWOLD (Eastern Point)

B. H. YARD, Manager
Open from June to October. Entirely a new hotel. Everything new—furnishings, bedding, linen, silver, etc. Solid mahogany furniture throughout. One hundred bathroom suites. THE FINEST SUMMER RESORT HOTEL IN AMERICA. Address, B. H. YARD, Mgr., 71 Broadway, New York, until June 15; after that date address at The Griswold.

CHICAGO BEACH HOTEL

American and European Plan
Finest Hotel on the Great Lakes

On the edge of town, this ideal Hotel, spacious, elegant, modern, overlooks Lake Michigan Beach on two sides, while shaded parks complete the beautiful surroundings. The city is but 10 minutes ride from the nearby station. There is always a cool breeze in warmest weather. 450 large outside rooms, 250 private baths. The table is always the best. Tourists find it a delightful place to stop and rest. Address for handsomely illustrated Booklet, giving full particulars, Manager, Chicago Beach Hotel, 51st Boulevard and Lake Shore, Chicago, Illinois.

SNOW IN SUMMER

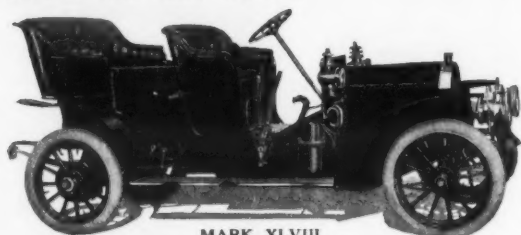
Colorado's snow-clad mountains make its climate the most delightful and invigorating in the world. In summer blankets are indispensable at night. There are many attractive camping, fishing and hunting resorts in the Rocky Mountains along
THE COLORADO & SOUTHERN RY.
Every taste and every purse can be suited. Shall we send you booklets descriptive of this Wonderland?
T. E. FISHER, G. F. A.
Denver, Colo.





Motor Cars Gasoline and Electric

Can be depended upon for consistent and satisfactory performance at all times. This, with their unusually low cost of maintenance, makes them the most desirable cars in the 1907 market



MARK XLVIII

Mark XLVIII, 24-28 H. P., Touring Car, \$3000, Limousine \$4200, is the most complete and perfect medium-powered car to be had.

Mark XLIX, 40-45 H. P., Touring Car, \$4500, Limousine or Landulet, \$5500, presents an unrivalled combination of speed, power and luxury.

Mark LXIX, Electric Victoria-

Phaeton, \$1600, is unapproached in its class for radius of reliable action, safety, comfort, smartness of style and superb finish.

Mark LXVIII, Electric Brougham, Landulet, Hansom and Victoria, each \$4000, are universally acknowledged to be the ideal town carriages for private service.

Separate catalogues of gasoline and electric models will be sent on request

ELECTRIC VEHICLE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

New York Branch: Electric Vehicle Company, 134-136-138 West 39th St.
Chicago Branch: Electric Vehicle Company, 1332-1334 Michigan Ave.
Boston: The Columbia Motor Vehicle Company, Trinity Place and Stanhope St.

Member A. L. A. M.

Beauties of the

Yellowstone

The path of romance and comfort to the wonderland of America—to the unrivalled national preserve where nature plays her maddest pranks, is

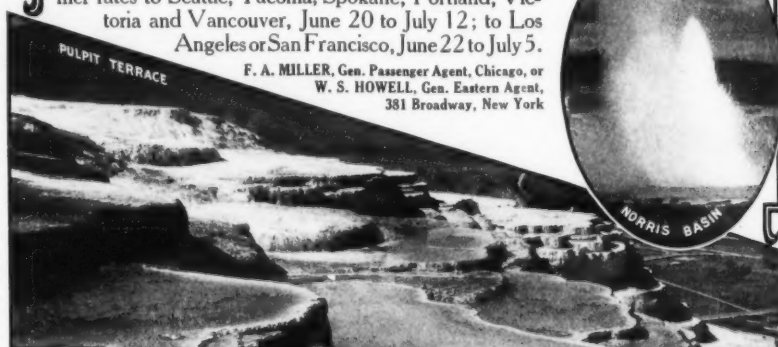
The Pioneer Limited

on the

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway

This luxurious electric lighted train leaving Chicago daily at 6.30 p. m., for St. Paul and Minneapolis, offers "longer, higher and wider berths" in standard and compartment sleepers, and a perfect dining service. Excellent trains also via Omaha and via Kansas City. Go one way—come back another. After June 6, round trip rate to and through Yellowstone Park, \$67.50; with accommodations at the park hotels for five and a half days \$93. Special summer rates to Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, Victoria and Vancouver, June 20 to July 12; to Los Angeles or San Francisco, June 22 to July 5.

F. A. MILLER, Gen. Passenger Agent, Chicago, or
W. S. HOWELL, Gen. Eastern Agent,
381 Broadway, New York



1889

A CONTINUOUS RECORD OF STEADY GROWTH

Prior to 1889 there was no such thing as a Smith Premier Typewriter. To-day there are over 300,000 in actual use. Ten years ago the

Smith Premier Typewriter

was not known outside of the United States. To-day it is in use in every civilized country in the world. From this it is evident that the world needed, appreciated and bought a typewriter that solved every typewriting problem. Are you needing such a typewriter?

We send interesting literature on request.

The Smith Premier Typewriter Co., Syracuse, N. Y.
Branches Everywhere

1907



Good News For Policy Holders

The election for Trustees in the Mutual Life Insurance Company closed in December last. The canvass of votes which was conducted according to the new laws of the State of New York, lasted four months. The result has recently been announced. The most important fact for the public is that by an overwhelming majority—about three to one—the Trustees named by the Company have been elected. This means that

The Mutual Life Insurance Company

will be managed by the men who corrected the abuses of the past and installed the economies that have accomplished so much and which will accomplish so much more. It is most reasonable to expect greater benefits as time goes on. Get the latest report of the Company. Get the recent address of the Trustees to policy holders; it is most interesting. Get acquainted with the Mutual Life; it is better to-day than ever. Get its protection while possible.

The Time to Act is NOW

For the new forms of policies write to
The Mutual Life Insurance Company
of New York, N. Y.

EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades \$1.00



THE only 12 bladed dollar razor in the world. A better razor impossible. Complete for \$1.00 with silver plated frame—12 Ever-Ready blades, safety frame, handle and blade strop attached. Extra blades 12 for 75 cents, which also fit Gem and Star frames. Six new Ever-Ready blades exchanged for six dimes and 25c.

Ever-Ready dollar sets are sold everywhere. Mail orders prepaid \$1.00.

AMERICAN SAFETY RAZOR CO., 299 Broadway, New York

LITTLE HUMMER MARINE ENGINE

The 2-Cycle-Engine-Marvel of the Age. Entirely new and improved design introducing many exclusive features. Runs on Gasoline, Distillate, Kerosene or Alcohol.



5 H.P. Bare Engine \$46
COMPLETE ENGINE with Fresh Water Boat Fittings, \$69.90; with Salt Water Boat Fittings, \$74.90. Swiftest, most powerful, efficient and reliable engine of its size on earth. Drives 18 to 25 ft. launch, with load, 4 to 10 miles per hour. Reversible. Catalog easy to install and operate, unfailing FREE. endurance powers, economical and safe, cannot back-fire. Sold under Five Year Guarantee.

Belle Isle Motor Co., Dept. 16 Detroit, Mich.

HOME STUDY

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO OFFERS

Correspondence Courses in over 30 subjects for Teachers, Writers, Social Workers, Ministers, Physicians, Bankers, and students desiring to finish either a High School or College course. One-half the work for a Bachelor degree may thus be done. The University of Chicago Box A, Chicago, Ill.

WHEEL CHAIRS

A Wheel Chair invalid's greatest comfort. We make 75 different styles of these easy, self-propelling and invalid's Rolling Chairs. Ship direct from factory to you at WHOLESALE PRICES. Freight prepaid and sold on.

THIRTY DAYS TRIAL
Liberal Discount to all sending for FREE Catalogue NOW.

GORDON MFG. CO.
527 Madison Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

SPENCERIAN STEEL PENS

glide over the paper without hitch, back, or haggle. Sample card of 12, all different, sent for 6 cts. postage.

Spencerian Pen Co., 349 Broadway, New York

\$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an investment of \$150.00 is the result from the operation of one of our Box Ball Alloys at Sullivan, Ind. Why not get into this business yourself? You may enjoy similar results; any way it offers big results on the investment. Will pay big in any town. More than 5000 sold. This is no Gambling device, but a splendid Bowling Game for amusement and physical exercise. Patented by the best people of both sexes. *Read and information free.* WHITE TO-BE, American Box Ball Co., 1627 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Only Woman Patent Lawyer

secures Perfect patents. Fifteen years most successful experience in large and intricate cases. Practice in all U. S. Courts. Never had a failure. Write for free booklet.

FLORENCE KING
1630-2 Monmouth Block, Chicago
"Miss King won the biggest legal woman's victory yet chronicled in the United States if not in the world."—Chicago Tribune.

Mexican Palm Leaf Hat 50c

Hand woven by Mexicans in Mexico from palm fiber. Double weave, durable and light weight, with colored design in brim. Retail at \$1. Postpaid for 50c. 2 for 90c. To introduce our Mexican hats and draw work. Same hat, plain, 40c; both for 50c. Large, medium and small sizes. Fine for fishing, outings and gardening. Art Catalog of Mexican Souvenirs Free. THE FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. C, 6, Meville Park, N. H. Largest Retailers Indian-Mexican Handicraft in World

PATENTS

Our Hand Book on Patents, Trade-Marks, etc., sent free. Patents secured through Munn & Co., receive free notice in the

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN MUNN & CO., 357 Broadway, N. Y.
BRANCH OFFICE: 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

WHAT SCHOOL? We Can Help You Decide

Catalogues and reliable information concerning all schools and colleges furnished without charge. (State kind of school.) American School & College Agency, 331-41 Park Row, N. Y., or, 351, 315 Dearborn St., Chicago

Print Your Own Cards

Circulars, books, newspaper, Press 85. Large size 818. Money saver, maker. All easy, printed rules. Write factory for catalog, presses, type, paper, cards.

THE PRESS CO., Meriden, Conn.

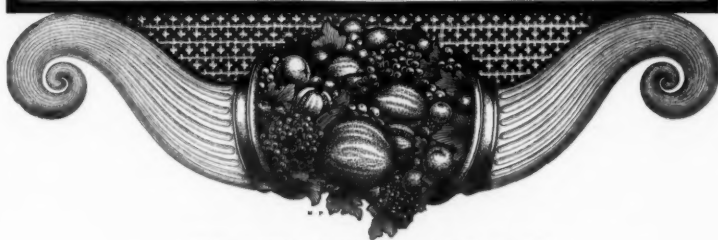
Meridian Woman's College

Largest Private South. Mild, healthful, delightful climate. Spend winters South. Catalogue free. J. W. Deason, A.M., Pres., Meridian, Miss.

Jones Nat'l AUCTIONEERING and School of ORATORY

237 Ashland Blvd., Chicago, Ill., all branches. Special instructors. Term opens soon. Free Catalogue. CAREY M. JONES, Pres.

EDITORIAL BULLETIN



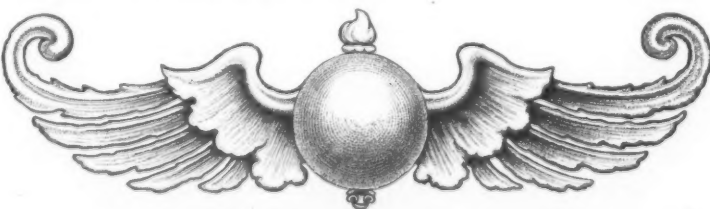
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1907

Mr. Davis's New Series

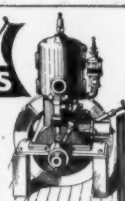
¶ The last of Richard Harding Davis's three stories describing the Adventures of the Scarlet Car appears in this number of Collier's. "The Kidnappers" was preceded by "The Jail-Breakers," on March 23, and by "The Trespassers," the first of the series, on December 15, last year. For the last six months Mr. Davis has been engaged in collecting material for an important series of articles on the Congo and the West Coast of Africa. "The Coasters of West Africa," describing the voyage out from London, was printed on May 18; "My Brother's Keeper," an explanation of King Leopold's grip on the big Congo country, was the second, and appeared last week; the third, "The Capital of the Congo," will be printed in the issue of July 13. It is an inaccessible place, this capital. So far away from Belgium that those who have business there must travel for months before beginning work, the ivory and rubber country holds most of its secrets safe from the investigating eye. But little glimpses, significant to a trained observer, may be obtained on the weary journey up the Congo and its tributary, the Kasai. "Americans in the Congo" will be the fourth paper. It will appear on July 20. The fifth, and the last of the series planned, will follow on July 27, and, under the probable title of "Old Calabar," will describe the trip up the coast, as "The Coasters of West Africa" pictured the ports and the people met on the way down. Besides this series, Mr. Davis has promised other articles based on his recent experiences.

The Colorado Labor Wars

¶ In next week's Collier's, and in the number following, Mr. Connolly will tell what is probably the most important chapter of the Moyer-Haywood case—the story of the Colorado Labor Wars. Mr. Connolly's narrative of the long series of murders and dynamite outrages that stirred the State for six years after the Coeur d'Alene troubles is based primarily on a personal investigation. In preparing the articles, he spent some weeks recently in Colorado. Three articles in Mr. Connolly's series have already been printed in Collier's, as follows: May 11, dealing with the Coeur d'Alene Troubles; May 18, the Murder of Steunenberg; May 25, the "Kidnapping" of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone. It is absolutely essential to the understanding of the trial that the long interval between July, 1899, when Steunenberg took charge in the Coeur d'Alenes and incurred the enmity of the union miners, and December, 1905, when he was killed by a bomb, should be covered. Succeeding articles will deal with the actual trial. Collier's has received many letters concerning the articles already printed on the Moyer-Haywood case. For instance, a man in Biloxi, Miss., complains of Mr. Connolly for quoting the Idaho law in telling about the arrest of the three defendants because, in a sense, it justified the language of the indictment. He asks dejectedly: "Are there absolutely no honest capitalist papers?" This correspondent has coolly classed Collier's with the "capitalist press." Now, another of Collier's earnest critics, who is quite as firmly convinced that a capitalist conspiracy exists to hang Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, as the man in Biloxi, taunts the editor with the charge of insincerity, with the sin of indecision. He damns Collier's for seeming to balance phrases in order not to offend either the working classes or the capitalists, who, according to this man's vision, are lined up all ready to rend each other. A third correspondent calls Mr. Connolly's articles unprejudiced and "extremely interesting." This is but a timely illustration of the inherent difficulty of handling any vital, modern subject.



Leader MARINE ENGINES



Are the most symmetrical in design, accurately constructed of any marine engine made. The designer of "Leader Engine" has had 30 years of ACTUAL PRACTICAL experience in building automobile and marine engines—each part of every engine is made under his personal supervision. A STRONG, DURABLE Engine with all parts absolutely INTERCHANGEABLE. 1 1/2 H. P., only \$75.00 complete ready to install in any launch. The lowest priced engine made—and will develop double the rated H. P.

Write for our new catalogue—MAILED FREE. It explains gas engines more thoroughly than any other and tells why we can make a good engine at a small price.

CLAUDE HINTZ, Manufacturer
282 So. Front Street Grand Rapids, Mich.

DOUBLY SURE IS THE SPARK

for your automobile, motor boat, or gas engine, if you use the



APPLE BATTERY CHARGER
A dynamo run by the fly-wheel of your engine that keeps the batteries always charged and ready for prompt service. Water, oil, and dust proof. Fits an end to all ignition faults. Write for our Bulletin B-1.

The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co., 121 St. Clair St., Dayton, Ohio

WURLITZER BAND INSTRUMENTS

We Supply the U. S. Government.

Prices Cut in Half

To introduce, our large new 80-page Band Instrument text-book B. sent FREE. Write to-day.

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
163 E. 4th St. Cincinnati; or, 295 Wabash Ave. Chicago, Ill.

HIGH GRADE BOATS

Motor, Sail and Row Boats, Canoes and Water Craft of every description. Send for our 1907 catalogue, showing designs, specifications and prices. We guarantee our work first-class in every particular—Years of practical experience in boat building have made it so.

RACINE BOAT COMPANY
1610 Racine St. Racine, Wisconsin

Practical Combination Auto-Goggle Cap

Comfortable, stylish, economical. Goggles fold back into rim when not in use without interfering with comfort of cap. Made of soft, Russian, water-proof leather (black or tan), silk lined, green underneath visor. Sent on receipt of \$1.00, express prepaid. Money back if not satisfactory. Attention correct size and color. Agents wanted.

GOETTLER HAT CO.
1270 S. Broadway St. Louis

EVERYTHING FOR THE AUTOMOBILE

PRICES CUT IN TWO

FLYER No. 16 (Just issued. Write for it)

Bargains in Auto Supplies
Prices Cut in Half

Neustadt Auto & Supply Co.
The Growing House
3838 Olive St. ST. LOUIS, MO.

WHAT TO INVENT

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED
\$1,000,000 offered for an invention. Free opinion as to patentability. Guide Book and List of Inventions Wanted, Free. Patents secured by us advertised Free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Make Money While You Play!

Go to Colorado for your outing. Before you return buy 160 acres of our land, just east of Denver, from \$10. to \$25. per acre. Your next year's profits on the investment will pay all your vacation expenses. Ask me for Colorado map and land leaflet. **GEO. H. HEAFFORD, 277 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.**

PATENTS

64 PAGE BOOK FREE
This book contains 100 cuts of Mechanical Movements and Tells all about PATENTS. What to Invent for Profit and How to Sell a Patent.

O'BRIEN & BRUCK, Pat. Attys., 918 F St., Washington, D. C.

10 Gillette Blades 25c.

Send 10 dull blades with 25c silver. 2c each for extra blades. We resharpen better than new and return in neat case for future use.

Chemical Steel Co., 5 W. Madison St., Chicago

DIAMONDS ON CREDIT

You Can Easily Own a Diamond or Watch. Pay one-fifth on delivery, balance in 8 monthly payments. Catalog free. Write today.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO., Dept. F-39, 92 State St., Chicago, Ill.

ORIENT

CLARK'S TENTH ANNUAL CRUISE. Feb. 6, 1908, 70 days, by specially chartered S.S. "Arabia," 14,600 tons.

30 TOURS TO EUROPE, 3 ROUND THE WORLD. FRANK C. CLARK, Times Building, New York

MUSIC LESSONS AT YOUR HOME FREE

Our Booklet. It tells how to learn to play any instrument. Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Mandolin, etc. Write American School of Music, 201 Manhattan Building, Chicago

PATENTS that PROTECT

Our 3 books for inventors mailed on receipt of a 5c stamp.

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



COPYRIGHT 1907 BY F. C. COLLIER & SON

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

IX—ALADDIN AND THE WONDERFUL LAMP. PAINTED BY MAXFIELD PARRISH

In a city of the Chinese realm there lived a tailor with his wife and their only son Aladdin. The tailor having died, this son, walking about the streets one day, was accosted by a stranger, who gave himself out as Aladdin's uncle, but who in reality was an African magician. Obedient to the supposed uncle's request that he follow him to the mountains, the young man accompanied the elder until they halted in a steep and rocky ravine. Here the sorcerer lit a fire, over which he pronounced an incantation. Suddenly, the rocks at the feet of the pair went asunder, revealing a flat stone with a ring fixed in the middle. Aladdin was now told he must lift up the stone, descend, and bring back a certain lamp from the marvelous palace underground. He found the lamp, and returned as bidden, but when he was about to emerge to the upper earth, the eagerly impatient magician fell into a rage, conjured the stone back into its place, and rushed away. So did Aladdin become possessor of the wonderful lamp by whose aid he reached great estate and got for a wife the beautiful Princess Buddir al Buddoor.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

PROPERTY.

DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI ROOM.

Colliers

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MR. HARRIMAN, disregarding ethics for the moment, is a very good railroader. For his mastery of his business he deserves respect. Lately he delivered to the United States Steel Corporation a severe scolding because they were selling him bad rails for his roads. He cited the intolerably large number which had broken, after only a few weeks' use, and pointed out that, for **BROKEN RAILS** so many railroad accidents as are due to this cause, the Steel Corporation is responsible. And as Mr. HARRIMAN is not the man to let things stop with mere talk, he ordered his rails for the coming year from one of the Corporation's few small competitors.

TO THIS FERVID SCOLDING by Mr. HARRIMAN add now a thoughtful utterance from another railroad man equally able: "The real reason for the present deplorable condition of rails furnished for use on American roads is the cupidity of the manufacturer (for "manufacturer," in this little sermon, read "United States Steel Corporation") in placing quantity of output above quality. The lack of competition, and the desire of the manufacturer to make a good financial showing, entirely remove the incentive that formerly existed for one manufacturer to turn out as good material as his competitor." Lack of competition it seems to be. All those economies, efficiencies, and blessings, which we were told would flow from the elimination of competition, are for the benefit, apparently, of dividends alone, and were not meant to promote good service. What of a few railroad wrecks, more or less, so long as dividends soar? But is it not possible to restore a little competition?

THE REAL REASON

READ, NOW, THE DEPOSITION of Mr. CHARLES M. SCHWAB, who knows the steel-rail business as well as Mr. HARRIMAN knows railroads. Mr. SCHWAB may feel a little hurt to have his words used in this connection; he wasn't writing about the tariff then; he was giving an expert opinion which was to be used for inducing certain men of wealth to buy the Carnegie Steel Company (now a constituent company of the Steel Corporation) of which Mr. SCHWAB was, at the time, president: "I know, positively, that England can not produce pig iron at actual cost for less than \$11.50 a ton and can not put pig iron into a rail for less than \$7.50 a ton. This **SUPPOSE** would make rails at net cost to them of \$19. . . . We can make rails for less than \$12 a ton. . . ."

For the steel rails which are breaking so badly, and causing so many accidents, the Steel Corporation is charging, and has charged during its whole existence, \$28 a ton. If on some of the occasions Mr. SCHWAB mentions, when England is making steel rails at \$19 a ton, some enterprising Englishman should put a few thousand tons of well-made English rails (which do not break) aboard a vessel, bring them to New York, and offer to sell them for \$20 a ton, plus freight, how many American voters would say he should be compelled to take them back again?

THE TARIFF IS DESCRIBED by Mr. JOHN BIGELOW as a scheme "by which a good share of the property of eighty millions of people is practically confiscated for the benefit of the three or four millions who participate in the profits of such confiscation. . . . Protection for the sake of protection is a dogma in a republic fit only for a highwayman, a fool, or a drunkard." Where is the strong man who will arise in the land and demand the Democratic nomination for President on the single ground of

tariff revision, refusing to be diverted by loose talk about the wholly minor and subsidiary questions of trusts, railroad rates, and overcapitalization?

THE AMERICAN PROTECTIVE TARIFF LEAGUE is an altruistic organization. Its purposes include all the better activities of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the W. C. T. U., and the Little Sisters of the Poor. It is organized to promote happiness, to lift up the weak, to keep holy the Sabbath, to inculcate filial respect, to foster conjugal fidelity, to give cheer to the unfortunate, to increase family affection, to cure the sick, to counteract, check, and destroy everything in human nature and the United States that is evil, unclean, or unpleasant. It includes all philanthropy; it is the Altruism Trust. Its members are uniformly unselfish, high-minded, and endowed with far-seeing wisdom. They are characterized by an almost feminine tenderness and sweetness of personality. There is but one test for admission, to love your neighbor better than yourself.

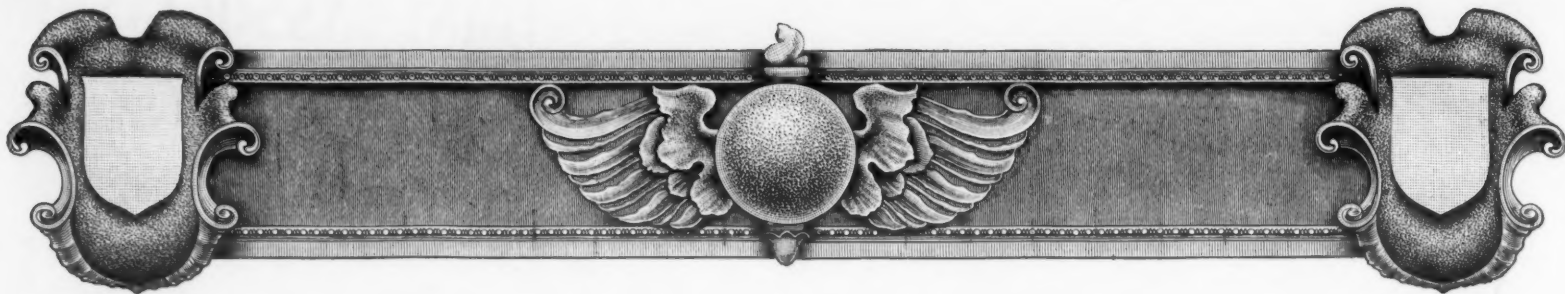
THE ALTRUISM TRUST

THE MEMBERS of the American Protective Tariff League are not given to speech-making or the writing of essays or to having themselves interviewed; their commonest form of expression is a check, and their favorite author the stock-ticker. Lacking facility of expression themselves, they employ a secretary, Mr. WILBUR F. WAKEMAN, to talk for them. He has lately expressed the League's position on the Presidential nomination. "As a Judge of the Supreme [?] Bench," says Mr. WAKEMAN, "Mr. TAFT was one of the greatest jurists that ever graced that body. As Governor of the Philippines, Mr. TAFT was a splendid Governor. But he will not do as the standard-bearer of the Republican Party at the next election. His policy, both in the Philippines and at the Isthmus of Panama, was for free trade and not for protection of American industries, which has always been the foremost plank in the platform of the Republican Party. That is why Mr. TAFT will not bear the standard of the Republican Party next year." At once, how strange and how sad, that a man, who showed such signal talents as a judge and as a colonial governor, should, when the test came, show the fundamental yellow streak, the basic defect in personal morality. Alas, that a Presidential boom should have ended thus!

A BOOM PUNCTURED

MOST OF THE RAILROAD LEGISLATION passed in a score of States during the winter and spring just past was prompted not by an intelligent adaptation of statutory remedy to railroad evil, but by vindictiveness. With the resentment thus expressed one may sympathize. The railroads in the past were arrogantly and insolently domineering. They had invaded politics, where they had no right. Through bribes, and the sheer overbearing strength of capital and prestige, they kept themselves in power, and wilfully flouted and humiliated the people. The railroad "general solicitor" in many Western States was not a man learned in the law, skilled in the subtleties of corporation practise, but rather one who doled out passes, conducted lobbies, and dictated political preferment. Placed in power by the railroad, he used his autocracy, not merely to promote the interests of his employer in railroad matters, but put his hand on the entire business, political, and social life of the State. That he and his client have been driven, cowering and cringing, out of the high places, is gratifying evidence of the enduring manliness and independence of all the people. The railroads have been soundly clubbed and are

VINDICTIVE LEGISLATION



on their backs pleading for mercy. In the midst of satisfaction over this, is it not time to consider what one does with a thoroughly thrashed and properly humble opponent with whom one must continue to live?

THAT MANY RAILROADS HAVE, by rebates and discrimination, crushed the weak to favor the strong, no one will deny; everybody admits that sometimes railroads have offensively and intolerably trespassed where they had no right, in the field of politics, and there arrogantly worked their will for their own profit, making themselves insolent masters where they should be servants. That some railroad officials have been dishonest, and that others in high places have shown themselves ethically imbecile, is a matter of record. But who will claim that for all these varied and complicated crimes, differing in

AN EPIDEMIC STATUTE

kind and degree, no two alike, the single remedy of a two-cent fare law is in each case the right corrective? And who will defend the thesis that if this statute should happen to be, by chance, the infallible cure in densely populated Pennsylvania, it is also the right remedy in the thinly settled West—in all the score of States that have passed it within a year? Finally, what person, who has thought seriously about it, believes that this omnibus remedy of making every victim, by amputation or elongation, fit the one bed, can go on without serious consequences to railroads and communities alike?

THE JAPANESE ARE A SENSITIVE, proud, and warlike people. "Look cross-eyed at thim, an' they're into ye'er hair," remarks Mr. Dooley. Their natural disposition to feel insult keenly and resent it quickly is increased by the consciousness of recent victory over a Caucasian race of five feet ten. If we avoid war with them for the next ten years, it will be because we shall have treated them with an excess of studied courtesy never practised toward any other nation, or have maintained a navy so obviously superior that they fear to fight us. Are we likely to escape by the former method? Is the San Francisco stevedore, on a Saturday night spree, collectively so potential of international insult, likely to learn the discriminating wisdom of the Sage of Archey Road: "Ye can bump anny foreigner ye meet but a Jap; don't touch him; he's a live wire." Will drunken Dennis Kearney, lurching down Mission Street pay-day night, check a belligerent fist to save gray hairs for Mr. Root? Hardly. Whatever respect may be practised by the more enlightened and responsible, the feeling of the street crowd which makes international complications will be that of the Philippine army poet, when Governor TAFT was preaching consideration and duty toward "our little brown brother":

"He may be a brother of WILLIAM H. TAFT,
But he ain't no brother of mine."

A Japanese general, wearing all the medals that he so rightly won at Mukden, carrying a Yale diploma in one hand and a Harvard degree in the other, would continue to be, to the American truck-driver, at the best, an amusing little brown man. This is, of course, utterly wrong, and disillusionment would partake of the nature of retribution; but for Japan's interest and our own, so long as this prejudice continues, with its big possibilities for *casus belli*, the best insulator for live wires on the Pacific Ocean is two ships to Japan's one.

THE PEACE CONFERENCE meets at a time when the world is spending nearly two billions a year in preparing for war but is at peace except for desultory fighting in Morocco and Central America. Visionary hopes may be dismissed at once. There will be no limitation of armaments through any decree at The Hague. International jealousies and suspicions

PEACE make any workable scheme of this kind out of the question. Yet every great nation feels the burden of its military budgets and honestly wants peace. The gathering of the delegates is signalized by a complete readjustment of international alliances and agreements. The Russo-Japanese war unsettled the old equilibrium. All hands hurried to put more battleships on the ways and to secure diplomatic arrangements that would prevent possible hostilities. A European Bal-

ance of Power now extends to a world Balance of Power. Only the United States stands alone. Obviously we must be prepared to defend this continent; obviously we must be strong enough on the sea to insure our island wards from attack. When we say sincerely that we arm in order to insure tranquility we say exactly what the other Powers say with equal sincerity. The stalemate of great forces blocked one against another keeps the peace.

IN THIS ERA of dangerous political experiments and economic heresies, when men's minds are so tolerant of innovation that they listen without horror to schemes for changing the very fabric of the Constitution itself, it is soothing to know there is one statesman who stands firm by the rock of established things. His mind is adamant alike against the fallacies of altruistic dreamers and the errors, schisms, hallucinations, and fundamental unsoundnesses of blatant heresiarchs. For him, no loose talk, no irrational monomaniacal frenzies of the radicals. His sound conservatism, his firm anchorage to the basic rocks of the tried and tested, are splendidly expressed in a fugitive bit of poetry in a Missouri paper. Lack of space forbids, unhappily, the reproduction of the first two stanzas, wherein the poet points out the identity of Mr. FAIRBANKS, since his first entry into political life, with the established principle of government that, so long as there is not a condensation of atmospheric vapor into drops **POETRY** large enough to attain sensible velocity, those conditions commonly known collectively as the weather will remain in the state popularly known as dry. However, these last two stanzas suggest the fundamental stability of the beliefs of the Indiana statesman:

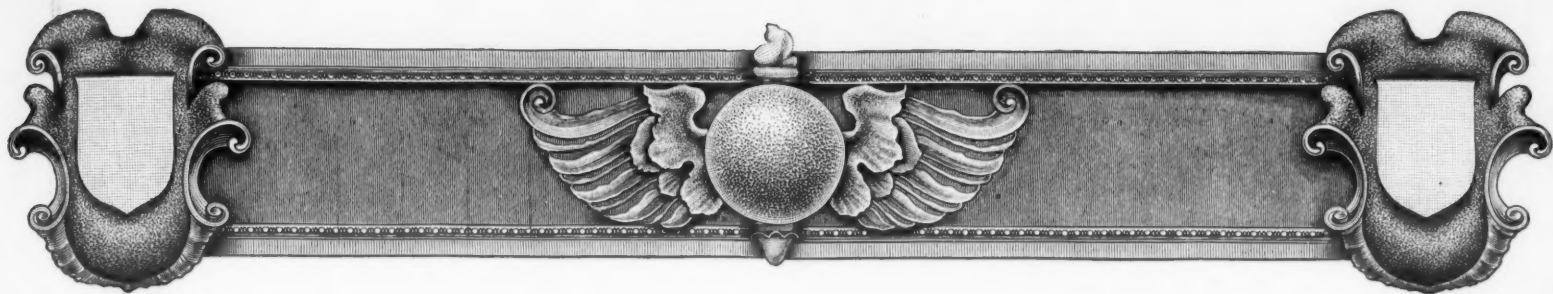
"Then Mr. FAIRBANKS waxed quite warm;
His voice riz to a roar.
He yelled: 'I say to you, my friends,
That two and two make four.'
And thereupon all doubts dissolved,
All fears were put to rout;
Pie-seekers said that FAIRBANKS knew
Just what he was about.

"He did not name unbusted trusts
Or mention Standard Oil;
He did not talk of railroad graft
Nor speak of children's toil.
He said the crops looked mighty well,
The cattle all seemed fat,
The sky was blue, the grass still grew,
And the G. O. P. stood pat.
And he let it go at that."

There is, among the well-informed, a fugitive rumor that the subject of these verses might, if the urgency of the country's need were sufficiently impressed upon him, be persuaded to accept the office of President. Is it not time for patriots to unite in a call?

PHILADELPHIA HAS NO NEWSPAPER which is not frequently and tightly gagged by the business interests which control its department stores, and the same sort of alliance is not unknown in other cities. A few weeks ago a proprietor of a large department store in Philadelphia was arrested and committed suicide under circumstances which called out, morning after morning, the largest headlines on the front **"TAINTED NEWS"** pages of the New York dailies. To this day, no Philadelphian who confines his reading to his local papers knows anything about that incident. The Philadelphia papers might explain their silence on the ground of a taste above such horrors; we should accept the theory if we felt sure that they made no distinction between victims of scandal who run full-page advertisements every day and unfortunates who do not.

A SUPPRESSION OF FACTS much more serious is now being forced upon the Philadelphia papers by the "Retail Merchants' Association," which is the name of a combination of the proprietors of the eight department stores. There is a contest, just as important and vital as the one recently decided in Chicago, over a pending ordinance to regulate for fifty years to come the



relations between the city and the street-car company. The traction side of the contest is fathered by the storekeepers; their ordinance is known as the "Retail Merchants' Plan," consequently the Philadelphia papers are closed, not only to any expression of opinion hostile to the "Retail Merchants' Plan," but to the simple record of the news of the situation from day to day. A committee, which included some of the best citizens of Philadelphia, visited New York the other day to ask the newspapers there for the publicity which the Philadelphia papers refuse. The Retail Merchants' Association originally combined to take a hand in traction matters in order to get subway entrances at their various stores. Realizing their power, they now dominate, for their own interest, the entire traction question. Their *raison d'être*—their common denominator, the tie that binds—is their absolute control of the local press through their united advertising. It is a novel name for a political body. If there is any public spirit in Philadelphia, it should insist on a drastic disrupting of so dangerous a combination.

STORES AND NEWSPAPERS

WHEN THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT felt obliged to "explain" the army reign of terror to the Duma, it set a mark by which the Western world may measure the advance toward Russian liberty. Two and a half years ago, when the Czar's soldiers shot down a crowd of his peaceful subjects, come to make petition, what bureaucrat entertained the idea of an apology? From the contradictory evidence given by prejudiced or hysterical correspondents on the present state of Russia this fact stands out as a guide-post: the Government has humbled itself to explain. Just now, the English-speaking world may not know the rest. To find the real condition of that great heterogeneous empire, populated with childish and half-barbarous peoples, and to interpret those conditions to a people of different institutions and ideas, is beyond the powers of such correspondents as have tried it.

LIGHT ON RUSSIA

POLITICAL ASSASSINATION is a puzzling thing to the American mind. It is hard for us to justify it to ourselves. Following our own experience in political murder—the wholly mad and unjustified murder of McKINLEY—the public and the newspapers baited Anarchists, Terrorists, and all others who take this method, even in repressed Russia, of expressing political discontent. But after Bloody Sunday not all Americans looked with such horror on political assassination, believing that it was the only way for the Russian people to get a hearing; that the Terrorist campaign was not murder, but war. The light has broken in Russia, the wedge has entered, and newspaper opinion in the United States shows a renewed denunciation of murder by secret decree. These young men and women of the Terrorist Party, devoted, heroic, of the kind of glorified fool who breaks ground for revolutions, have done their work. Now that the people have secured a hearing, there is no longer any excuse for their campaign. It is not likely that they will cease to murder unpopular bureaucrats, and they must become a Frankenstein, a grave obstacle to the sane reformers who will take up their work.

WAR OR MURDER

WE HAVE HAD our own experience with the overturn of formal law that swift justice may be done in a crisis, and we have found that a short shrift may have long consequences. In the early 50's of the last century, San Francisco was held by thieves and thugs. Property was unsafe and life uncertain. The law of California, trying to make adjustment between an old Spanish code and a new Anglo-Saxon one, was far too slow. Respectable citizens, men of the best blood of New England and the South, formed the Vigilance Committee, made a cross-cut to justice, and cleaned up the city. They gave the accused due trial, and history records that every man they hanged deserved all that he got. But the new law of the Vigilantes did not stop there. Civilization in the Far West spread not from the East but from California; the new communities in Nevada, Idaho, Colorado, and Oregon borrowed laws and customs from the American colony by the Golden Gate. So lynching became established

as a custom in all the new camps. At first, sentence was executed only after fair and dignified trial. This did not last long. The institution came to reflect popular passion and mob spirit. Any community felt at liberty to string men up on momentary impulse. Within a few years of the Vigilante movement a camp of Californian miners lynched a young and pretty woman who had killed a man under justifiable circumstances. She was a Mexican, and he was popular. The South and even the East learned the trick from the West. Every negro burnt in the South pays toll to the San Francisco Vigilantes, men who never executed an unjust sentence, but who simply "took the law into their own hands."

HARVARD WILL ROW YALE next week at New London. Will Harvard also race Yale? Perhaps. After beating Yale last year the Harvard crew went to England, where it did wonderful things in practise. They were so wonderful it was thought the eight could row the course at its own speed without regard to what Cambridge did and at the finish be ahead. When the two eights were actually sent away, Cambridge romped off as if Harvard were anchored. At the two-mile mark Cambridge was still ahead, but apparently "cooked"; Harvard, slightly behind, was rowing superbly. Cambridge won, exhausted; Harvard finished strong, and the Englishmen said politely to their American guests: "You have about the best eight we ever saw—for eight ROWING AND RACING miles." So this year Harvard decided to try a new scheme. There would be plenty of competition, no end of racing practise. And the Columbia crew was invited up to the Charles in the early spring. They came, these green young oarsmen, and, over a course slightly under two miles, defeated their veteran hosts, who, it is perhaps needless to say, finished superbly and in a fashion that showed plainly that in another mile or so they would have won. The shower of alumni letters and telegrams which descended on Cambridge evidently had effect, for, at Cornell, Harvard, although beaten, finished within half a length of its rival, and in the only way in which a defeated crew may decorously finish—rowed out.

THERE IS MUCH FOOL TALK among the enlightened about the sordidness of putting mere winning above the sport. Any sportsman knows that the game is infinitely more important than the victory, but this does not mean that, once in the game, he will not use every faculty he has to play it as well as he can. When we ask if Harvard is going to "race," we do not mean is the crew going to row hard—there is no difference between Harvard and Yale in their devotion and determination—but is that crew going to row intelligently? There is an art in racing, just as there is in stalking game or putting a twirl on a tennis ball or choosing football plays. There is a time to sit tight and a time to jump in and take the lead. Not to win when you could win, is, from a sportsman's point of view, worse than defeat. It is the mark of the duffer. In its small way it was a disgrace for Harvard's veteran crew to be beaten by Columbia. To be sure, the distance was a sprint, Columbia had prepared especially for it, and Harvard was training for a four-mile race. But suppose a skilful mile-runner is jogging round a track. Some friend, an inexperienced quarter-miler, brushes by, throwing back a challenging grin. Does the miler say to himself: "No, I am a long-distance man. I am not trained to sprint. And it won't do me any good. Let that fellow go. I'm preparing for the intercollegiate games!" Not unless he's a prig and has a wholly perverted notion of the sport-greater-than-victory theory. He will drop his machine-like pace for the moment, good-humoredly sprint and pass his impertinent young rival before they hit the next turn if he possibly can. People who pride themselves on pretending that defeat doesn't make any difference to real sportsmen know very little about real sport. In ordinary life—that is to say, apart from the somewhat exaggerated seriousness of collegiate competition—the sporting spirit's very essence is that its possessor does the best he can with every faculty he possesses, whether he is challenged to row or jump a ditch or play tiddleywinks. There's a moral question involved.

ON TRYING TO WIN



THE POLITICAL FLIRTATION SEASON IS NOW ON

DRAWN BY E. W. KEMBLE

THE MOYER-HAYWOOD CASE

IV.—HARRY ORCHARD AND HIS STORY

By C. P. CONNOLLY

ALBERT E. HORSELY, or Harry Orchard, has borne out the predictions of many of those who saw him before his appearance on the witness-stand. He has stood the test of three days' severe cross-examination, and so far no flaws have been detected in his story. It has the stamp and ring of genuine coin. His respectful attitude toward Edmund F. Richardson, his cross-examiner, his mild but quick corrections of misstatements in the questions,

his clear-headedness, his seeming indifference to the obvious attempts to entrap him, his wonderful memory, and his self-control, have struck his auditors as little less than marvelous. His calm bearing is noticeably in contrast to the bristling attitude of the cross-examiner. Whatever Orchard was, every one who knew him at Caldwell before the murder of former Governor Steunenberg is convinced that he is a changed man. He returns to the witness-chair after each recess with calmer self-possession, while Richardson has steadily lost ground, and once his temper, in his attempts to nettle him. If the courtroom were an arena and these two were gladiators the odds would undeniably be with Orchard. Few, if any, believed that his story would be shaken in his cross-examination.

can see that any reference to his private and domestic matters is not pleasant, but he does not flinch from the admission of his foibles any more than his crimes. Orchard gives in detail the alleged acts and statements of each of the conspirators who are said to have contrived the murder of his many victims. He is practically giving a history of the alleged crimes of the officials of the Western Federation of Miners from the beginning. The evident purpose of this is to show that



STEVE ADAMS, A WITNESS FOR THE STATE
Whom Orchard implicated in some of his crimes

Orchard a Remarkable Witness

ORCHARD is dressed in a dark gray suit. His hands rest on the arms of the elevated witness-chair which faces judge and jury, and his eyes look directly into those of his questioner except when trying to fix some date or recall some place, when they wander in the direction of the ceiling. His face shows an intensity and his eyes at times a look of determination which were not apparent to those who saw him before he became a witness on the stand. He has not once made a "smart" remark. His demeanor is dignified, and if there is nothing while on the stand which shows remorse for the actions of his past life neither is there the slightest suggestion of vainglory. All things considered, he is no doubt the most remarkable witness that has ever appeared in an American court of justice. The only open confession of a change of heart on Orchard's part was when referring to the Vindicator Mine explosion in Cripple Creek, Colorado, which killed Superintendent Charles H. McCormick and Foreman Melvin Beck. He said in answer to a question that "the way he felt at that time he would just as lief blow up a mine full of men as one or two." He shows no disposition to conceal any part of his past life. One



WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, IN HIS CELL AT BOISE
The defendant reads extensively the comments on the case

Levi Smith

O. V. Sebern

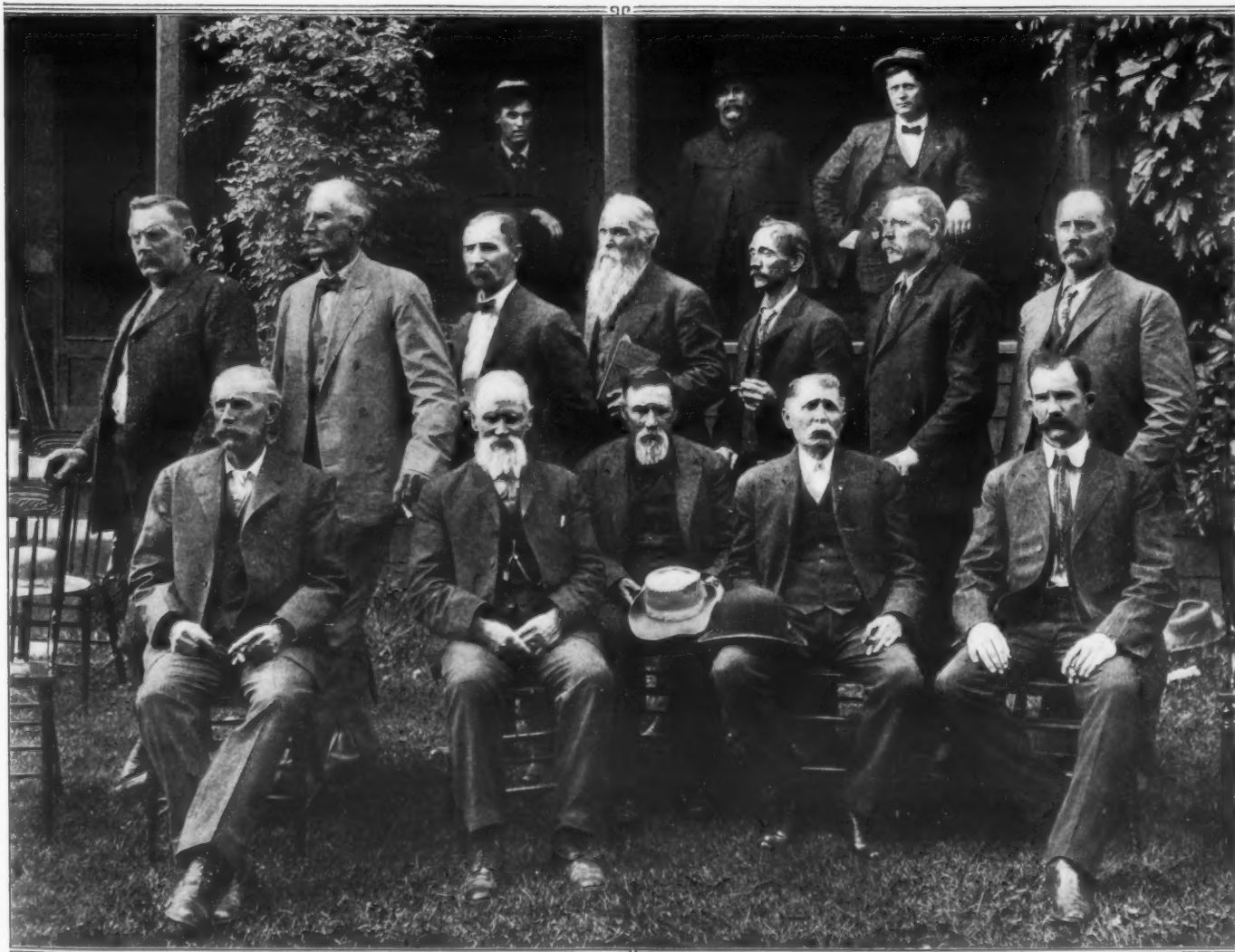
A. P. Burns

Samuel Russell

H. F. Messner

Finley McBean

Lee Schrivener



S. D. Gilman

J. A. Robertson

George Powell

Thomas B. Gess

Daniel Clark

THE JURY THAT IS TRYING WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD AT BOISE, AT THEIR LIVING QUARTERS

the officials of that organization have constituted an inner circle which plotted the murder of the enemies of the organization. Every crime that was committed in pursuance of this purpose and every statement of any of the alleged conspirators, from the beginning up to the time of the death of Steunenberg, so far as those crimes and statements tend to corroborate Orchard's story in any of its details, will be introduced.

Through the persistence of the newspaper men the veil was lifted from the face of Harry Orchard before the trial began. All sorts of vagaries had been indulged in, and the questions most frequently asked were: "Is Orchard a conventional type of low-browed assassin?"—"Is he as ugly and depraved-looking as some of the published pictures of him show?"—"Does he lack intelligence?" All these questions have been answered by the news writers, each after his own fashion.

Mrs. Orchard's Story

DOWN in Colorado, Mrs. Orchard had told me that Harry Orchard was a "handsome man" when she married him. She had not heard from him since the Sunday afternoon preceding the explosion at the Independence depot, when Orchard had left in a camp-wagon with his neighbor, Neville, and Neville's boy, bound for some reservation, where he was to take up some land. Some of the neighbors had tried to convince her that Orchard was dead. The story now is that Orchard mounted one of the horses and went back to Independence during that Sunday night, while Neville and his boy slept in camp, and pulled the wire which sent fourteen men to a horrible death and maimed for life a half-dozen others. Mrs. Orchard says that on those succeeding days, when search was made everywhere—when the enraged citizens entered houses and looked for supposed culprits—they never came near her. She thinks this was suspicious. Perhaps it was. Perhaps the searchers knew Harry Orchard had left the day before, and that there was no use searching there.

Mrs. Orchard is intelligent, a good talker, with the ring of truth in her utterances. She comes of good people. That is admitted by both sides. She has three children by a former husband. "When I saw that Harry Orchard was arrested for this Steunenberg murder, I could not believe my senses. Why, that man seemed incapable of harming any one. He was as kind and considerate to me and my children as any man ever was to his family. He never spoke a cross word nor raised his hand in anger. He was a model man around the house. Once when the doctor told him I was a very sick woman, he sobbed like a child. I did notice that before he went away the last time he would sometimes talk to himself around the house. That was the only peculiar thing I ever noticed about Harry Orchard. Of course, I can look back now and see clearly many things I could not understand at all then; but if Harry Orchard is the man his confession makes him out to be, then no woman has ever been deceived as I have been."

Orchard, the Small-Merchant Type

ONCE Harry Orchard told her, she says, that he had joined the Mine Owners' Association while down in Denver. She may have meant the Citizens' Alliance. "What in the world did you do that for?" inquired Mrs. Orchard. "Well, they have spies in our camp. Why should we not go into theirs?" was Orchard's reply. Mrs. Orchard is as puzzled over this case as any one. She admits there were mysterious bottles about the house and mysterious things buried in the yard. She either believes, or pretends to believe, in the possibility of Harry Orchard being a detective. "Will you go to Boise to testify?" she was asked. "I will if it is necessary to save an innocent man from punishment," she replied. Her life has been made miserable for the last fifteen months. Mrs. Orchard admitted that George Pettibone was a visitor once or twice at the house in Altman. "Perhaps Harry brought him here intentionally so as to connect him at some future time with this case."

"Did you know that Harry Orchard had a wife living in the East?" I inquired. "He never told me; but I know now. One of the detectives showed me a picture of his little girl, and she has Harry Orchard's features beyond denial."

Harry Orchard has a peculiar sparkle of the eye—a suggestion of humor or good-nature. Yet there is about him a serious mien. "You are looking better," I said to him. "I am feeling better,"



HARRY ORCHARD ON THE WITNESS-STAND AT THE HAYWOOD TRIAL
Three days of cross-examination failed to shake his story of wholesale murder and dynamiting



PETTIBONE'S FORMER STORE IN DENVER

George A. Pettibone once occupied this building in Cort Place, Denver, as a dealer in household specialties. Orchard has testified that it was in this store that he sometimes received the money from Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone for his completed "jobs"

he promptly replied; "that is more important to me." If Harry Orchard is not handsome, as Mrs. Orchard contends, he is not by any means bad-looking. His face is not the criminal face we usually conjure up to ourselves. I have seen Harry Orchard in appearance time and again in the type of the small merchant of the West, or in the man about town in the mining camps. He has a friendly expression. He has mentality above the average, and he is apparently quiet and self-possessed. I am setting down here my observations. I am not unaware of the proneness of writers to exaggerate the peculiarities of men in whom the public is interested, and I know the common failing of those who will seek to idealize Orchard as a savior of society because he is dragging others into his own maelstrom of guilt. But Orchard so far is the real surprise of this case.

Orchard, the Convert

GREAT criminals invariably reach the point of breakdown where they seek religious consolation. This usually precedes their confession or follows their conviction. Not so with Harry Orchard. He made his confession in February, 1906, and not until the following June did he seek any comfort in religion. The Rev. E. S. Hinks, Dean of St. Michael's Episcopal Cathedral of Boise, tells me for the first time this story:

"It is the custom for the Sunday service at the penitentiary to be taken by the clergy of Boise. This arrangement includes the Roman Catholic and the Mormon clergy. In the early part of June a year ago Rev. E. R. Jones, an Episcopal clergyman of Pocatello, preached at the penitentiary in my place, my name being on the black-board as officiating. This black-board was in the room where the services were held. In talking with Mr. Jones since, he told

me he felt that he had made a deep impression on the inmates that day. Later Orchard expressed a desire to see me, thinking it was I that had preached on the day that Mr. Jones preached. I went to the penitentiary and spent about two hours with him, and in the beginning of our conversation he told me that he had been reading a Bible that had been sent him; that he had made a confession to Mr. McParland, and that he was anxious to know whether the Bible had anything to say which prevented his having the hope of forgiveness and everlasting life. I advised him to read his Bible very earnestly, and I supplied him with books, including ecclesiastical history, good biography, and devotional books. He impressed me as a man in perfectly normal condition of mind—entirely repentant and anxious to make amends for the past by a clean breast of all the evil with which he had been associated. In the course of our conversation he told me much, and possibly all the prominent incidents of his life from boyhood up. He had, as far as I could discover, no feelings of bitterness, hatred, or animosity for anybody, and always seemed careful in his desire to tell only facts as he remembered them, without any hearsay.

Orchard's Steady Spiritual Growth

IN my subsequent visits to him after the first, I never once found him depressed or showing any evidence of unhappiness, and he told me that with reading, study, and meditation, time never hung heavy on his hands for a minute. He took hold and hoped from my first conversation with him. He told me that he had no dread of the time when he should give his testimony, because he would not and could not swerve one iota from the truth. In my study of the man, the thing that impressed me most significantly was his steady mental and spiritual development. He told me that all his life he had been a reader of trashy literature, and that it was a constant delight with him to reflect on the better literature which he had read during the months he had passed in the penitentiary."

In COLLIER'S for next week and the week after, Mr. Connolly will take up in detail the events covered by Harry Orchard's confession. He will bring to bear on that confession not only the light of his own observation in the court-room while Orchard told the tale and was cross-examined, but also the knowledge gained by a painstaking investigation, covering several months, of the crimes included in the confession. Orchard's evidence will be illuminated by Mr. Connolly's own narrative of the Colorado labor war, based on personal study of the scene of the troubles and interviews with the actors in them.

LIFE IN OUR TOWN

In the issue of February 23 Collier's offered a prize of \$100 for the best letter on the subject "Life in Our Town." The prize letter was printed in the issue of May 4; others appeared June 1. Many have been accepted and will be printed in forthcoming numbers of Collier's



THE WEST POINTER'S LIFE

STRICTLY speaking, our town is not one town, but many; again, it is not a town at all—merely an army post situated almost anywhere, for they are all alike. Life in this town of ours has become so much second nature to me that I never think of analyzing it to see what it may amount to, except when moved thereto by the comments of my friends.

I have a brother who sometimes manages to tear himself away from a beloved, big, hustling, noisy, dirty city to visit me. The last time this happened he came prepared to stay a week. At the end of the first day he said: "Great business, this soldiering, eh? But say," he added, "don't you find it mighty slow?" At the end of the second day he stopped me as we were coming home from the Mess. "Say," he demanded, "how the devil do you stand it?"

"Stand what?" I inquired.

"Why, this sort of thing, this Hep! Hep! this infernal quiet. Honest now, what would they do to a fellow if he stopped out there in the middle of the parade and let out one good yell?"

The next day he packed his grip and left. "I'm sorry, old man," he said, "but I can't stand it. Another day would kill me, sure."

Another occasional visitor is a young girl—not too young, just right. She is the kind that doesn't miss much of anything that goes on in her vicinity. One night, after a particularly satisfying day, she curled up among the cushions of an army home-made couch and sighed one deep sigh of perfect contentment. "Isn't it heavenly!" she said.

Radically different views, you might say; yet when I stop to think of it, I find that I can reconcile them in my own moods.

For instance: there are times when the life of our town, with its unvarying treadmill, regulated from the up-getting to the down-lying by shrill blasts from an everlasting horn, becomes a deadly grind. You hate it cordially. You look with suspicion on your lieutenants; you detest the sight of your first sergeant, the big, clean-limbed, respectful fellows of your company annoy you. Your heart sinks at the thought of drill with its "One, Two, Three, Four—Hep, Hep! Watch where you're going, there! Wake up on the left of the company!" You shun hops and the joy of dancing with Mrs. Captain Blank's guest from the East, and you sulk and smoke at home. The mere thought of calls and card-fights makes you ill. The post ladies are a gossiping crew. The Mess is the deadliest bore of all—same old faces day after day, same old jokes night after night, same old things to eat, cocktails all taste alike—a narrow, shop-talking bunch at best, and the K. O.—the worst of all. Fancy men who will go on like this forever, subsisting on the public pap when the world outside is offering a man's chance to everybody who has the backbone to take it.

You interview the K. O., pack your grip, and go East on leave. You shake the dust of the post from your feet with the feeling of a man escaping from prison. You never want to hear a bugle call again, or see a wooden man in blue at right-hand salute. You want to forget it all—completely, absolutely—and your only regret is of the day when you must return to it.

A month passes, and you are assailed by a vague uneasiness. For a week you battle with yourself—you hate to admit that you are homesick—then you give up. You wonder what they are doing back at the post, wonder what has happened, wonder—yes, you do—if the fellows miss you any. It's time to be getting ready for the summer work, and you wonder if that lieutenant of yours will get things in proper shape. It's a dandy company, all right, but it takes somebody who knows just how to handle it. Now this ought to be attended to, and that, and—then you pack your trunk.

Back in harness again! You hustle into your uniform, snug and trim, buttoned up to the throat. Ah, that is something like! None of those baggy "cits" for you any more! You stretch your legs. "You bet!" Those stripes running down them look mighty fine to you. You peep into the glass. That cap beats a derby all hollow. There is really no reason why you should, but you post off to the company. The men on the barracks porch see you coming. Their feet come down from the railing with a bang, their heels come together with a click, their hands go up in smart salute, their faces are officially frowning, but there is a gleam in every eye. When you have passed, the whisper goes around: "Good, the Old Man's back!" and a warm, tickly sensation goes all over you.

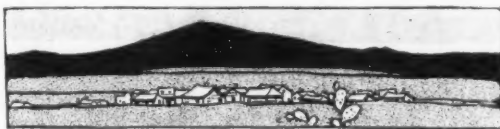
The ladies are out to take the air. They are the girls, all right, the frankest, friendliest, sweetest—

soldiers every one of them, ready to follow the flag wherever it flies, the best chums on earth.

On your way to the Mess a sentinel halts, faces and bangs his rifle to "Present," and your blouse tightens up across your chest as you return his salute. The Mess is certainly homey, and those are good old boys scattered around the room, fellows with handclasps like vises, and eyes that look into yours frankly, with sincere, undisguised pleasure. They are the chaps who will go with you, shoulder to shoulder, neck and neck, and be damned to the lead that may be waiting for each of you!

The regiment wheels into column. The command comes ringing across the parade, and the band crashes into the march. The white-haired color sergeants loose the colors to the breeze. You swing out in front of the line which has followed just as steadily when the music was that of hissing lead. Your throat is husky, a mist is before your eyes, your feet spurn the earth, your heart swells with the supreme thrill of the fighting man among his kind and—ready for what may come.

That is what the young girl saw. It is *life* in our town. M. B. STEWART, West Point, New York.



IN THE LAND OF LITTLE RAIN

THERE is no *life* in our town; there is existence, but of *life*, either vegetable, animal, or spiritual, there is none.

We have no water, no trees, no grass, no flowers; we have ten saloons plying their happy trade by night and day, and each blithely paying a license of \$500, which, considering that we have only five hundred inhabitants, including one clergyman and women and children, shows a fair degree of prosperity.

Speaking of the one clergyman, who presides unwillingly and unsatisfactorily over the tiny adobe church of the Episcopalian faith, that nestles confidingly between two prosperous saloons, note the generosity of our leading saloonkeeper.

"I'll give \$10 a month toward the minister's salary; \$5 from each of my saloons. It is to my interest. The preacher will build up the church, the church will build up the town, and the town will build up my business."

To the everlasting glory of the Episcopal Church in Colorado, be it said in passing, the offer was refused. A town without water is an impossibility, you say. Well, I thought so, too, in happier days, but I've lived in one now for two years, and save for a barrel filled up once every two weeks with the precious fluid by a man who "picks it" from some blessed unknown source up in the mountains, we have not a drop.

A fire fought without water is a sight for the gods to laugh at. The buildings are chopped down—torn to pieces—blankets dipped in the barrels are laid over roofs in a futile effort to stay the demon fire, until water can be brought from the nearest spot, a railroad tank ten miles off.

I have seen four children and a dog bathed in one tub of water; then the floor was scrubbed, and lastly a few straggly flowers were watered. Oh, life is full of little pleasantries here!

The liveliest event we ever had in our town from a social standpoint was a Christmas Eve ball given for the benefit of a cemetery.

On the handbills the two prominent words—*Ball* in scarlet and *Cemetery* in black—for the space of two weeks decorated rocky walls of cañons and glared down from dusty buildings, reminding us daily that in the midst of life we were in death. One man demurred at the project, not because it seemed incongruous to dance and be merry in order to secure a few feet of earth at the last, but as he said:

"What do we want of a cemetery here? Not one of us lives here because he wants to; every one of us came from some spot in God's country that we still call home. God knows, we wouldn't stay here *alive* except for business reasons, and we none of us want to be kept here dead!"

Despite this unanswerable logic a goodly number of our citizens seemed to yearn to secure at least the option of remaining here dead, for as our local newspaper, run by a Mexican editor, assured us in fearful and wonderful English: "Of a successful great was our ball of the cemetery; no one of a desire to peaceful death need to prevent in his own grave. Of so great cheapness to buy a place can we all now, to lie by our father's and mother's children and friends in beauty wonderful of a peaceful forever."

JEAN SKIDMORE, A—, Colorado.



BOOMVILLE AND BOOMERS

PROGRESSIVENESS is to be condemned only when one goes in for too heroic doses. And the rule is perhaps more applicable to towns under fifty thousand inhabitants than to men under thirty-five years of age. Towns as well as men can be rainbow-chasers. The only marked difference between them is that men over thirty-five can't keep up the chase indefinitely. But your small town, once it gets the boom, progressive fever in its system, goes right on forever.

Our town is one of these rainbow-chasers. Our progressiveness is mostly talk. It's the kind that the average Chamber of Commerce in the small town tells the citizens about. It's the kind the one enterprising daily of your town dishes out to you. You never catch on because you never catch up. You read the "Whooper" this morning and it tells you that a \$250,000 pickle factory has been secured through its indefatigable efforts and by to-morrow morning, just when you are cogitating the likelihood of selling your old pea field to the pickle people for a site for their huge plant, you are assured that the Chamber of Commerce has just landed a million-dollar starch factory!

It is but natural that when the "Whooper" prints a letter sent to the Chamber of Commerce from Minnesota by Olason Olofson stating that he has had experience in dairying and would like to locate near Boomville, the humble citizen takes what his daily says for solid fact and absorbs into his system a little more of the progressive spirit. What Mr. O. O. really says is that he has about \$100,000 worth of experience in dairying that he would like to sell 'way below par. And he says it without much ornamentation in a letter of about one hundred words. It's the column and a half comment of the "Whooper" that serves the meat of Ola's epistle so appetizingly. It gives the whole thing double-column headlines, at the top of Page 1, reading thus:

A Mammoth Dairy Plant
Assured Capital \$100,000. Nearly All of Stock
Already Subscribed

Head of the Enterprise is to be Mr. OLASON OLOFSON, a Retired Cheese Manufacturer of Minnesota.

Mr. Olofson's real wealth consists of eight cows, two dogs, thirteen children, \$195.36 in the savings bank, and some twenty odd years of his wife's experience.

In some such manner Boomville gets at least one new industry every week. To-day it is a soap factory, to-morrow a glue factory, next day a shoe factory, cotton mill, or some concern capitalized at a few hundred thousand dollars, and employing anywhere from ten hundred to ten thousand skilled workers.

Boomville folk are under the impression that noise and boasting make a town a "live proposition." They catch the shadow of a number of things whose substance is really admirable. They believe in patronizing home industries. They believe in advertising. So they straightway subsidize the "Whooper" because it prints plenty of cheering home stuff, and they adore the Chamber of Commerce for so thoughtfully wringing a letter from some Olason every now and then. It has never occurred to them to put a few lines about their advantages in Olason's home paper. Such a course would perhaps bring fewer letters but more citizens, cost less and accomplish more.

If nine-tenths of a people's energies go into booming things only a feeble one-tenth is left to go into the genuinely progressive activities of the town. And towns of this sort are generally nine-tenths lungs and vociferousness and one-tenth brains and proficiency—nine-tenths of the population are always ready to call the industrious non-booming remainder croakers and knockers if they venture the opinion that much of their talk deceives nobody so maliciously as themselves.

What Boomville will eventually learn is that instead of whooping 'em up all the time it must occasionally go out and turn 'em up. What the one enterprising daily of the town needs is a rival in the field with enough appreciative foresight to run in current issues some of the stuff from old files of the "Whooper" as short-story matter. What Boomville's organizations need to learn is that one good citizen over in Lerry's Bottom needs the Bottom brought up to him worse than the Bottom needs a new acquisition from Minnesota. What the well-meaning citizens need to learn is that they should supplement the "Whooper" with some other good work of fiction. A dip into the works of Hawthorne or Elbert Hubbard would teach them that there are places on the map at once as famous and as resourceful as Boston, U. S. A., and Butte, Montana, and that they became so through doing things others talk about. WILSON JEFFERSON, Augusta, Georgia.



THE ADVENTURES OF THE SCARLET CAR

III.—THE KIDNAPPERS. *Being the last story describing the wanderings of the owner of the Scarlet Car, the girl in the car, and her brother*

By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

COPYRIGHT 1907 BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

DURING the last two weeks of the "whirlwind" campaign, automobiles had carried the rival candidates to every election district in Greater New York.

During these two weeks, at the disposal of Ernest Peabody—on the Reform Ticket, "the people's choice for Lieutenant-Governor"—Winthrop had placed his scarlet car, and, as its chauffeur, himself.

Not that Winthrop greatly cared for Reform, or Ernest Peabody. The "whirlwind" part of the campaign was what attracted him; the crowds, the bands, the fireworks, the rush by night from hall to hall, from Fordham to Tompkinsville. And, while inside the different Lyceums, Peabody lashed the Tammany Tiger, outside in his car, Winthrop was making friends with Tammany policemen, and his natural enemies, the bicycle cops. To Winthrop, the day in which he did not increase his acquaintance with the traffic squad, was a day lost.

But the real reason for his efforts in the cause of Reform, was one he could not declare. And it was a reason that was guessed perhaps by only one person. On some nights Beatrice Forbes and her brother Sam accompanied Peabody. And while Peabody sat in the rear of the car, mumbling the speech he would next deliver, Winthrop was given the chance to talk with her. These chances were growing cruelly few. In one month after election day Miss Forbes and Peabody would be man and wife. Once before the day of their marriage had been fixed, but, when the Reform Party offered Peabody a high place on its ticket, he asked, in order that he might bear his part in the cause of Reform, that the wedding be postponed. To the postponement Miss Forbes made no objection. To one less self-centred than Peabody, it might have appeared that she almost too readily consented.

"I knew I could count upon your seeing my duty as I saw it," said Peabody, much pleased; "it always will be a satisfaction to both of us to remember you never stood between me and my work for Reform."

"What do you think my brother-in-law-to-be has done now?" demanded Sam of Winthrop, as the scarlet car swept into Jerome Avenue. "He's postponed his marriage with Trix just because he has a chance to be Lieutenant-Governor. What is a Lieutenant-Governor anyway, do you know? I don't like to ask Peabody."

"It's not his own election he's working for," said Winthrop. He was conscious of an effort to assume a point of view both noble and magnanimous. "He probably feels the 'cause' calls him. But, Good Heavens!"

"Look out!" shrieked Sam, "where you going?" Winthrop swung the car back into the avenue.

14

"To think," he cried, "that a man who could marry—a girl, and then would ask her to wait two months. Or, two days! Two months lost out of his life, and she might die; he might lose her, she might change her mind. Any number of men can be Lieutenant-Governors; only one man can be—"

He broke off suddenly, coughed and fixed his eyes miserably on the road. After a brief pause, Brother Sam covertly looked at him. Could it be that "Billie" Winthrop, the man liked of all men, should love his sister, and that she should prefer Ernest Peabody? He was deeply, loyally indignant. He determined to demand of his sister an immediate and abject apology.

At eight o'clock on the morning of election day, Peabody, in the scarlet car, was on his way to vote. He lived at Riverside Drive, and the polling-booth was only a few blocks distant. During the rest of the day he intended to use the car to visit other election districts, and to keep him in touch with the Reformers at the Gilsey House. Winthrop was acting as his chauffeur, and in the rear seat was Miss Forbes. Peabody had asked her to accompany him to the polling-booth, because he thought women who believed in Reform should show their interest in it in public, before all men. Miss Forbes disagreed with him, chiefly because whenever she sat in a box at any of the public meetings the artists from the newspapers, instead of immortalizing the candidate, made pictures of her and her hat. After she had seen her future lord and master cast his vote for Reform and himself, she was to depart by train to Tarrytown. The Forbes country place was there, and for election day her brother Sam had invited out some of his friends to play tennis.

As the car darted and dodged up Eighth Avenue, a man who had been hidden by the stairs to the Elevated, stepped in front of it. It caught him, and hurled him, like a mail-bag tossed from a train, against one of the pillars that support the overhead tracks. Winthrop gave a cry and fell upon the brakes. The cry was as full of pain as though he himself had been mangled. Miss Forbes saw only the man appear, and then disappear, but Winthrop's shout of warning, and the wrench as the brakes locked, told her what had happened. She shut her eyes, and for an instant covered them with her hands. On the front seat Peabody clutched helplessly at the cushions. In horror his eyes were fastened on the motionless mass jammed against the pillar. Winthrop scrambled over him, and ran to where the man lay. So, apparently, did every other inhabitant of Ninth Avenue; but Winthrop was the first to reach him, and, kneeling in the car tracks, he tried to place the head and shoulders of the body against the iron pillar. He had seen very few

dead men; and to him, this weight in his arms, this bundle of limp flesh and muddy clothes, and the purple-bloated face, with blood trickling down it, looked like a dead man.

Once or twice when in his car, Death had reached for Winthrop, and only by the scantiest grace had he escaped. Then the nearness of it had only sobered him. Now that he believed he had brought it to a fellow man, even though he knew he was in no degree to blame, the thought sickened and shocked him. His brain trembled with remorse and horror.

But voices assailing him on every side brought him to the necessity of the moment. Men were pressing close upon him, jostling, abusing him, shaking fists in his face. Another crowd of men, as though fearing the car would escape of its own volition, were clinging to the steps and running boards.

Winthrop saw Miss Forbes standing above them, talking eagerly to Peabody, and pointing at him. He heard children's shrill voices calling to new arrivals that an automobile had killed a man; that it had killed him on purpose. On the outer edge of the crowd men shouted: "Ah, soak him!" "Kill him!" "Lynch him!"

A soiled giant without a collar stooped over the purple, blood-stained face, and then leaped upright, and shouted: "It's Jerry Gaylor; he's killed old man Gaylor!"

The response was instant. Every one seemed to know Jerry Gaylor.

Winthrop took the soiled person by the arm.

"You help me lift him into my car," he ordered. "Take him by the shoulders. We must get him to a hospital."

"To a hospital? To the Morgue!" roared the man. "And the police station for yours. You don't do no get-away."

Winthrop answered him by turning to the crowd. "If this man has any friends here, they'll please help me put him in my car, and we'll take him to Roosevelt Hospital."

The soiled person shoved a fist and a bad cigar under Winthrop's nose.

"Has he got any friends?" he mocked. "Sure, he's got friends, and they'll fix you, all right."

"Sure!" echoed the crowd.

The man was encouraged.

"Don't you go away thinking you can come up here with your buzz wagon and murder better men nor you'll ever be and—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Winthrop.

He turned his back on the soiled man, and again appealed to the crowd.

"Don't stand there doing nothing," he commanded.

"Do you want this man to die? Some of you ring for an ambulance and get a policeman, or tell me where is the nearest drug store."

No one moved, but every one shouted to every one else to do as Winthrop suggested.

Winthrop felt something pulling at his sleeve, and, turning, found Peabody at his shoulder, peering fearfully at the figure in the street. He had drawn his cap over his eyes and hidden the lower part of his face in the high collar of his motor coat.

"I can't do anything, can I?" he asked.

"I'm afraid not," whispered Winthrop. "Go back to the car and don't leave Beatrice. I'll attend to this."

"That's what I thought," whispered Peabody eagerly. "I thought she and I had better keep out of it."

"Right!" exclaimed Winthrop. "Go back and get Beatrice away."

Peabody looked his relief, but still hesitated.

"I can't do anything, as you say," he stammered, "and it's sure to get in the 'extras,' and they'll be out in time to lose us thousands of votes, and, though no one is to blame, they're sure to blame me. I don't care about myself," he added eagerly, "but the very morning of election—half the city has not voted yet—the Ticket—"

"Damn the Ticket!" exclaimed Winthrop. "The man's dead!"

Peabody, burying his face still deeper in his collar, backed into the crowd. In the present and past campaigns, from carts and automobiles he had made many speeches in Harlem, and on the West Side; lithographs of his stern, resolute features hung in every delicatessen shop, and that he might be recognized, was extremely likely.

He whispered to Miss Forbes what he had said, and what Winthrop had said.

"But you *don't* mean to leave him," remarked Miss Forbes.

"I must," returned Peabody. "I can do nothing for the man, and you know how Tammany will use this. They'll have it on the street by ten. They'll say I was driving recklessly; without regard for human life. And, besides, they're waiting for me at headquarters. Please hurry. I am late now."

Miss Forbes gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Why, I'm not going," she said.

"You must go! I must go. You can't remain here alone."

Peabody spoke in the quick, assured tone that at the first had convoked Miss Forbes his was a most masterful manner.

"Winthrop, too," he added, "wants you to go away."

Miss Forbes made no reply. But she looked at Peabody inquiringly, steadily, as though she were puzzled as to his identity, as though he had just been introduced to her. It made him uncomfortable.

"Are you coming?" he asked.

Her answer was a question.

"Are you going?"

"I am!" returned Peabody. He added sharply: "I must."

"Good-by," said Miss Forbes.

As he ran up the steps to the station of the Elevated, it seemed to Peabody that the tone of her "good-by" had been most unpleasant. It was severe, disapproving. It had a final, fateful sound. He was conscious of a feeling of self-dissatisfaction. In not seeing the political importance of his not being mixed up with this accident, Winthrop had been peculiarly obtuse, and Beatrice, unsympathetic.

Until he had cast his vote for Reform, he felt distinctly ill-used.

For a moment Beatrice Forbes sat in the car motionless, staring unseeing at the iron steps by which Peabody had disappeared. For a few moments her brows were tightly drawn. Then, having apparently quickly arrived at some conclusion, she opened the door of the car and pushed into the crowd.

Winthrop received her most rudely.

"You mustn't come here!" he cried.

"I thought," she stammered, "you might want some one?"

"I told—" began Winthrop, and then stopped, and added—"to take you away. Where is he?"

Miss Forbes flushed slightly.

"He's gone," she said.

In trying not to look at Winthrop, she saw the fallen figure, motionless against the pillar, and, with an exclamation, bent fearfully toward it.

"Can I do anything?" she asked.

The crowd gave way for her, and, with curious, pleased faces, closed in again eagerly. She afforded them a new interest. A young man in the uniform of an ambulance surgeon was kneeling beside the mud-stained figure, and a police officer was standing over both. The ambulance surgeon touched lightly the matted hair from which the blood escaped, stuck his finger in the eye of the prostrate man, and then with his open hand slapped him across the face.

"Oh!" gasped Miss Forbes.

The young doctor heard her, and, looking up, scowled reprovingly. Seeing she was a rarely beautiful young woman, he scowled less severely; and then, deliberately and expertly, again slapped Mr. Jerry Gaylor on the cheek. He watched the white mark made by his hand upon the purple skin, until the blood struggled slowly back to it, and then rose.

He ignored every one but the police officer.

"There's nothing the matter with him," he said. "He's dead drunk."

The words came to Winthrop with such abrupt relief, bearing so tremendous a burden of gratitude, that

his heart seemed to fail him. In his suddenly regained happiness, he unconsciously laughed.

"Are you sure?" he asked eagerly. "I thought I'd killed him."

The surgeon looked at Winthrop coldly.

"When they're like that," he explained with authority, "you can't hurt 'em if you throw them off the Times Building."

He condescended to recognize the crowd. "You know where this man lives?"

Voices answered that Mr. Gaylor lived at the corner, over the saloon. The voices showed a lack of sympathy. Old man Gaylor dead was a novelty; old man Gaylor drunk was not.

The doctor's prescription was simple and direct.

"Put him to bed till he sleeps it off," he ordered: he swung himself to the step of the ambulance. "Let him out, Steve," he called. There was the clang of a gong and the rattle of galloping hoofs.

The police officer approached Winthrop. "They tell me Jerry stepped in front of your car; that you wasn't to blame. I'll get their names and where they live. Jerry might try to hold you up for damages."

"Thank you very much," said Winthrop.

With several of Jerry's friends, and the soiled person, who now seemed dissatisfied that Jerry was alive, Winthrop helped to carry him up one flight of stairs and drop him upon a bed.

"In case he needs anything," said Winthrop, and gave several bills to the soiled person, upon whom immediately Gaylor's other friends closed in. "And I'll send my own doctor at once to attend to him."

"You'd better," said the soiled person morosely, "or, he'll try to shake you down."

The opinions as to what might be Mr. Gaylor's next move seemed unanimous.

From the saloon below, Winthrop telephoned to the family doctor, and then rejoined Miss Forbes and the police officer. The officer gave him the names of those citizens who had witnessed the accident, and in return received Winthrop's card.

"Not that it will go any further," said the officer reassuringly. "They're all saying you acted all right and wanted to take him to Roosevelt. There's many," he added with sententious indignation, "that knock a man down, and then run away without waiting to find out if they've hurt 'em or killed 'em."

The speech for both Winthrop and Miss Forbes was equally embarrassing.

"You don't say?" exclaimed Winthrop nervously. He shook the policeman's hand. The handclasp was apparently satisfactory to that official, for he murmured "Thank you," and stuck something in the lining of his helmet. "Now, then!" Winthrop said briskly to Miss Forbes, "I think we have done all we can. And we'll get away from this place a little faster than the law allows."

Miss Forbes had seated herself in the car, and Winthrop was cranking up, when the same policeman, wearing an anxious countenance, touched him on the arm. "There is a gentleman here," he said, "wants to speak to you." He placed himself between the gentleman and Winthrop and whispered: "He's 'Izzy' Schwab; he's a Harlem police-court lawyer and a Tammany man. He's after something, look out for him."

Winthrop saw, smiling at him ingratiatingly, a slight, slim youth, with beady rat-like eyes, a low forehead, and a Hebraic nose. He wondered how it had been possible for Jerry Gaylor to so quickly secure counsel. But Mr. Schwab at once undeceived him.

"I'm from the 'Journal,'" he began, "not regular on the staff, but I send 'em Harlem items, and the court reporter treats me nice, see! Now about this accident; could you give me the name of the young lady?"

He smiled encouragingly at Miss Forbes.

"I could not!" growled Winthrop. "The man wasn't hurt; the policeman will tell you so. It is not of the least public interest."

With a deprecatory shrug, the young man smiled knowingly.

"Well, mebbe not the lady's name," he granted, "but the name of the *other* gentleman who was with you, when the accident occurred." His black, rat-like eyes snapped. "I think *his* name would be of public interest."

To gain time Winthrop stepped into the driver's seat. He looked at Mr. Schwab steadily.

"There was no other gentleman," he said. "Do you mean my chauffeur?" Mr. Schwab gave an appreciative chuckle.

"No, I don't mean your chauffeur," he mimicked.

"I mean," he declared theatrically in his best police-

court manner, "the man who to-day is hoping to beat Tammany, Ernest Peabody!"

Winthrop stared at the youth insolently.

"I don't understand you," he said.

"Oh, of course not!" jeered "Izzy" Schwab. He moved excitedly from foot to foot. "Then who *was* the other man," he demanded, "the man who ran away?"

Winthrop felt the blood rise to his face. That Miss Forbes should hear this rat of a man, sneering at the one she was to marry, made him hate Peabody. But he answered easily:

"No one ran away. I told my chauffeur to go and call up an ambulance. That was the man you saw."

As when "leading on" a witness to commit himself, Mr. Schwab smiled sympathetically.

"And he hasn't got back yet," he purred, "has he?"

"No, and I'm not going to wait for him," returned Winthrop. He reached for the clutch, but Mr. Schwab jumped directly in front of the car.

"Was he looking for a telephone when he ran up the Elevated steps?" he cried.

He shook his fists vehemently.

"Oh, no, Mr. Winthrop, it won't do—you make a good witness. I wouldn't ask for no better, but, you don't fool 'Izzy' Schwab."

"You're mistaken, I tell you," cried Winthrop desperately. "He may look like—like this man you speak of, but no Peabody was in this car."

"Izzy" Schwab wrung his hands hysterically.

"No, he wasn't!" he cried, "because he run away! And left an old man in the street—dead, for all he knowed—nor cared neither. Yah!" shrieked the Tammany heeler. "Him a Reformer, yah!"

"Stand away from my car," shouted Winthrop, "or you'll get hurt."

"Yah, you'd like to, wouldn't you?" returned Mr. Schwab, leaping nimbly to one side. "What do you think the 'Journal' 'll give me for that story, hey?"

Ernest Peabody, the Reformer, Kills an Old Man, AND RUNS AWAY. And hiding his face, too! I seen him. What do you think that story's worth to Tammany, hey? It's worth twenty thousand votes!" The young man danced in front of the car triumphantly, mockingly, in a frenzy of malice. "Read the extras, that's all," he taunted. "Read 'em in an hour from now!"

Winthrop glared at the shrieking figure with fierce, impotent rage; then, with a look of disgust, he flung the robe off his knees and rose. Mr. Schwab, fearing bodily injury, backed precipitately behind the policeman.

"Come here," commanded Winthrop softly. Mr. Schwab warily approached. "That story," said Winthrop, dropping his voice to a low whisper, "is worth a damn sight more to you than twenty thousand votes. You take a spin with me up Riverside Drive where we can talk. Maybe you and I can 'make a little business.'"

At the words, the face of Mr. Schwab first darkened angrily, and then lit with such exultation that it appeared as though Winthrop's efforts had only placed Peabody deeper in Mr. Schwab's power. But the rat-like eyes wavered, there was doubt in them, and greed, and, when they turned to observe if any one could have heard the offer, Winthrop felt the trick was his. It was apparent that Mr. Schwab was willing to arbitrate.

He stepped gingerly into the front seat, and as Winthrop leaned over him and tucked and buckled the fur robe around his knees, he could not resist a glance at his friends on the sidewalk. They were grinning with wonder and envy, and as the great car shook itself, and ran easily forward, Mr. Schwab leaned back and carelessly waved his hand. But his mind did not waver from the purpose of his ride. He was not one to be cajoled with fur rugs and glittering brass.

"Well, Mr. Winthrop," he began briskly. "You want to say something? You must be quick—every minute's money."

"Wait till we're out of the traffic," begged Winthrop anxiously. "I don't want to run down any more old men, and I wouldn't for the world have anything happen to you, Mr. —." He paused politely.

"Schwab—Isadore Schwab."

"How did you know my name?" asked Winthrop.

"The card you gave the police officer."

"I see," said Winthrop. They were silent while the car swept swiftly west, and Mr. Schwab kept thinking that for a young man who was afraid of the traffic, Winthrop was dodging the motor cars, beer vans, and iron pillars with a dexterity that was criminally reckless.

At that hour Riverside Drive was empty, and, after a gasp of relief, Mr. Schwab resumed the attack.

"Now, then," he said sharply, "don't go any further. What is this you want to talk about?"

"How much will the 'Journal' give you for this story of yours?" asked Winthrop.

Mr. Schwab smiled mysteriously.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," said Winthrop, "I think I could offer you something better."

"You mean," said the police court lawyer cautiously, "you will make it worth my while not to tell the truth about what I saw?"

"Exactly," said Winthrop.

"That's all! Stop the car," cried Mr. Schwab. His manner was commanding. It vibrated with triumph. His eyes glistened with wicked satisfaction.

"Stop the car?" demanded Winthrop, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Schwab dramatically,



"We ought to reach home, which is just about there, in an hour"

ically, "that I've got you where I want you, thank you. You have killed Peabody dead as a cigar butt! Now I can tell them how his friends tried to bribe me. Why do you think I came in your car? For what money you got? Do you think you can stack up your roll against the New York 'Journal's,' or against Tammany's?" His shrill voice rose exultantly. "Why, Tammany ought to make me judge for this! Now, let me down here," he commanded, "and next time, don't think you can take on 'Izzy' Schwab and get away with it."

They were passing Grant's Tomb, and the car was moving at a speed that Mr. Schwab recognized was in excess of the speed limit.

"Do you hear me?" he demanded, "let me down!" To his dismay, Winthrop's answer was in some fashion to so juggle with the shining brass rods that the car flew into greater speed. To "Izzy" Schwab it seemed to scorn the earth, to proceed by leaps and jumps. But, what added even more to his mental discomfiture was, that Winthrop should turn, and slowly and familiarly wink at him.

As through the window of an express train, Mr. Schwab saw the white front of Claremont, and beyond it the broad sweep of the Hudson. And, then, without decreasing its speed, the car, like a great bird, swept down a hill, shot under a bridge, and into a partly paved street. Mr. Schwab already was two miles from his own bailiwick. His surroundings were unfamiliar. On the one hand were newly erected, untenanted flat houses with the paint still on the window panes, and on the other side, detached villas, a roadhouse, an orphan asylum, a glimpse of the Hudson.

"Let me out!" yelled Mr. Schwab, "what you trying to do? Do you think a few blocks'll make any difference to a telephone? You think you're damned smart, don't you? But you won't feel so fresh when I get on the long distance. You let me down," he threatened, "or, I'll—"

With a sickening skidding of wheels, Winthrop whirled the car round a corner and into the Lafayette Boulevard, that for miles runs along the cliff of the Hudson.

"Yes," asked Winthrop, "what will you do?"

On one side was a high, steep bank, on the other many trees, and through them below, the river. But there were no houses, and at half-past eight in the morning those who later drive upon the boulevard were still in bed.

"What will you do?" repeated Winthrop.

Miss Forbes, apparently as much interested in Mr. Schwab's answer as Winthrop, leaned forward. Winthrop raised his voice above the whir of flying wheels, the rushing wind and scattering pebbles.

"I asked you into this car," he shouted, "because I meant to keep you in it until I had you where you couldn't do any mischief. I told you I'd give you something better than the 'Journal' would give you, and I am going to give you a happy day in the country. We're now on our way to this lady's house. You are my guest, and you can play golf, and bridge, and the piano, and eat and drink until the polls close, and after that you can go to the devil. If you jump out at this speed, you will break your neck. And, if I have to slow up for anything, and you try to get away, I'll go after you—it doesn't matter where it is—and break every bone in your body."

"Yah! you can't!" shrieked Mr. Schwab. "You can't do it!" The madness of the flying engines had got upon his nerves. Their poison was surging in his veins. He knew he had only to touch his elbow against the elbow of Winthrop, and he could throw the three of them into eternity. He was traveling on air, uplifted, defiant, carried beyond himself.

"I can't do what?" asked Winthrop.

The words reached Schwab from an immeasurable distance, as from another planet, a calm, humdrum planet on which events moved in commonplace, orderly array. Without a jar, with no transition stage, instead of hurtling through space, Mr. Schwab found himself luxuriously seated in a cushioned chair, motionless, at the side of a steep bank. For a mile before him stretched an empty road. And, beside him in the car, with arms folded calmly on the wheel there glared at him a grim, alert young man.

"I can't do what?" growled the young man.

A feeling of great loneliness fell upon "Izzy" Schwab. Where were now those officers, who in the police courts were at his beck and call? Where the numbered houses, the passing surface cars, the sweating multitudes of Eighth Avenue? In all the world he was alone, alone on an empty country road, with a grim, alert young man.

"When I asked you how you knew my name," said the young man, "I thought you knew me as having won some races in Florida last winter. This is the car

that won. I thought maybe you might have heard of me when I was captain of a football team at a university. If you have any idea that you can jump from this car and not be killed, or, that I can not pound you into a pulp, let me prove to you you're wrong—now. We're quite alone. Do you wish to get down?"

"No," shrieked Schwab, "I won't!" He turned appealingly to the young lady. "You're a witness," he cried. "If he assaults me, he's liable. I haven't done nothing."

"We're near Yonkers," said the young man, "and if you try to take advantage of my having to go slow through the town, you know now what will happen to you."

Mr. Schwab having instantly planned, on reaching Yonkers, to leap from the car into the arms of the village constable, with suspicious alacrity, assented. The young man regarded him doubtfully.

"I'm afraid I'll have to show you," said the young man. He laid two fingers on Mr. Schwab's wrist; looking at him, as he did so, steadily and thoughtfully, like a physician feeling a pulse. Mr. Schwab screamed. When he had seen policemen twist steel nippers on the wrists of prisoners, he had thought, when the prisoners shrieked and writhed, they were acting. He now knew they were not.

"Now, will you promise?" demanded the grim young man.

"Yes," gasped Mr. Schwab. "I'll sit still. I won't do nothing."

"Good," muttered Winthrop.

A troubled voice, that carried to the heart of Schwab a promise of protection, said: "Mr. Schwab, would you be more comfortable back here with me?"

Mr. Schwab turned two terrified eyes in the direction of the voice. He saw the beautiful young lady regarding him kindly, compassionately; with just a suspicion of a smile. Mr. Schwab instantly scrambled to safety over the front seat into the body of the car. Miss Forbes made way for the prisoner beside her and he sank back with a nervous, apologetic sigh. The alert young man was quick to follow the lead of the lady.

"You'll find a cap in the boot, Schwab," he said hospitably. "You had better put it on. We are going rather fast now." He extended a magnificent case of pigskin, that bloomed with fat black cigars. "Try one of these," said the hospitable young man. The emotions that swept Mr. Schwab he found difficult to pursue, but he raised his hat to the lady. "May I, Miss?" he said.

"Certainly," said the lady.

There was a moment of delay while, with fingers that slightly trembled, Mr. Schwab selected an amazing green cap, and lit his cigar; and then the car swept

Hundred, and when the car joggled slowly down the main street of Yonkers, although a policeman stood idly within a yard of him, instead of shrieking to him for help, "Izzy" Schwab looked at him scornfully across the social gulf that separated them, with all the intolerance he believed becoming in the upper classes.

"Those bicycle cops," he said confidentially to Miss Forbes, "are too chesty."

The car turned in between stone pillars, and under an arch of red and golden leaves, and swept up a long avenue to a house of innumerable roofs. It was the grandest house Mr. Schwab had ever entered, and when two young men in striped waistcoats and many brass buttons ran down the stone steps and threw open the door of the car, his heart fluttered between fear and pleasure.

Lounging before an open fire in the hall were a number of young men, who welcomed Winthrop delightedly, and to all of whom Mr. Schwab was formally presented. As he was introduced, he held each by the hand and elbow and said impressively, and much to the other's embarrassment, "What name, please?"

Then one of the servants conducted him to a room opening on the hall, from whence he heard stifled exclamations and laughter, and some one saying "Hush." But "Izzy" Schwab did not care. The slave in brass buttons was proffering him ivory-backed hairbrushes, and obsequiously removing the dust from his coat collar. Mr. Schwab explained to him that he was not dressed for automobiling, as Mr. Winthrop had invited him quite informally. The man was most charmingly sympathetic. And when he returned to the hall every one received him with the most genial, friendly interest. Would he play golf, or tennis, or pool, or walk over the farm, or just look on? It seemed the wish of each to be his escort. Never had he been so popular.

He said he would "just look on." And so, during the last and decisive day of the "whirlwind" campaign, while in Eighth Avenue voters were being challenged, beaten, and bribed, bonfires were burning, and "extras" were appearing every half-hour, "Izzy" Schwab, the Tammany henchman, with a secret worth twenty thousand votes, sat a prisoner, in a wicker chair, with a drink and a cigar, guarded by four young men in flannels, who played tennis violently at five dollars a corner.

It was always a great day in the life of "Izzy" Schwab. After a luncheon, which, as he later informed his friends, could not have cost less than "two dollars a plate and drink all you like," Sam Forbes took him on at pool. Mr. Schwab had learned the game in the cellars of Eighth Avenue at two and a half cents a cue, and now, even in Columbus Circle he was a star. So, before the sun had set, Mr. Forbes, who at pool rather fancied himself, was seventy-five dollars poorer, and Mr. Schwab just that much to the good. Then there followed a strange ceremony called tea, or, if you preferred it, whisky and soda; and the tall footman bent before him with huge silver salvers laden down with flickering silver lamps, and bubbling soda bottles, and cigars, and cigarettes.

"You could have filled your pockets with twenty-five cent Havanas, and nobody would have said nothing!" declared Mr. Schwab, and his friends, who never had enjoyed his chance to study, at such close quarters, the truly rich, nodded enviously.

At six o'clock Mr. Schwab led Winthrop into the big library and asked for his ticket of leave.

"They'll be counting the votes soon," he begged. "I can't do no harm now, and I don't mean to. I didn't see nothing, and I won't say nothing. But it's election night, and—and I just got to be on Broadway." "Right," said Winthrop, "I'll have a car take you in, and if you will accept this small check—"

"No!" roared "Izzy" Schwab. Afterward he wondered how he came to do it. "You've give me a good time, Mr. Winthrop. You've treated me fine, all the gentlemen have treated me nice. I'm not a blackmailer, Mr. Winthrop." Mr. Schwab's voice shook slightly.

"Nonsense, Schwab, you didn't let me finish," said Winthrop. "I'm likely to need a lawyer any time; this is a retaining fee. Suppose I exceed the speed limit—I'm liable to do that—"

"You bet you are!" exclaimed Mr. Schwab violently. "Well, then, I'll send for you, and there isn't a police magistrate, nor any of the traffic squad, you can't handle, is there?"

Mr. Schwab flushed with pleasure.

"You can count on me," he vowed, "and your friends, too, and the ladies," he added gallantly. "If ever the ladies want to get bail, tell 'em to telephone for 'Izzy' Schwab. Of course," he said reluctantly, "if it's a retaining fee—"

But when he read the face of the check he exclaimed



"Izzy" Schwab, with a secret worth twenty thousand votes, sat a prisoner in a wicker chair

forward, singing and humming happily, and scattering the autumn leaves. The young lady leaned toward him with a book in a leather cover. She placed her finger on a twisting red line that trickled through a page of type.

"We're just here," said the young lady, "and we ought to reach home, which is just about there, in an hour."

"I see," said Schwab. But all he saw was a finger in a white glove, and long eyelashes tangled in a gray veil.

For many minutes, or, for all Schwab knew, for many miles, the young lady pointed out to him the places along the Hudson, of which he had read in the public school history, and quaint old manor houses set in glorious lawns; and told him who lived in them. Schwab knew the names as belonging to downtown streets, and uptown clubs. He became nervously humble, intensely polite; he felt he was being carried as an honored guest into the very heart of the Four

in protest. "But, Mr. Winthrop, this is more than the 'Journal' would have given me!"

They put him in a car belonging to one of the other men, and all came out on the steps to wave him "good-by," and he drove magnificently into his own district, where there were over a dozen men who swore he tipped the French chauffeur a five-dollar bill "just like it was a cigarette."

All of election day since her arrival in Winthrop's car, Miss Forbes had kept to herself. In the morning, when the other young people were out of doors, she remained in her room, and after luncheon, when they gathered round the billiard table, she sent for her cart and drove off alone. The others thought she was concerned over the possible result of the election, and did not want to disturb them by her anxiety. Winthrop, thinking the presence of Schwab embarrassed her, recalling as it did Peabody's unfortunate conduct of the morning, blamed himself for bringing Schwab to the house. But he need not have distressed himself. Miss Forbes was thinking neither of Schwab nor Peabody, nor was she worried or embarrassed. On the contrary, she was completely happy.

When that morning she had seen Peabody running up the steps of the Elevated, all the doubts, the troubles, questions, and misgivings that night and day for the last three months had upset her, fell from her shoulders like the pilgrim's heavy pack. For months she had been telling herself that the unrest she felt when with Peabody was due to her not being able to appreciate the importance of those big affairs in which he was so interested; in which he was so admirable a figure. She had, as she supposed, loved him, because he was earnest, masterful, intent of purpose. His had seemed a fine character. When she had compared him with the amusing boys of her own age, the easy-going, joking youths to whom the betterment of New York was of no concern, she had been proud in her choice. She was glad Peabody was ambitious. She was ambitious for him. She was glad to have him consult her on those questions of local government, to listen to his fierce, contemptuous abuse of Tammany. And yet early in their engagement she had missed something, something she had never known, but which she felt sure should exist. Whether she had seen it in the lives of others, or read of it in romances, or whether it was there because it was nature to desire to be loved, she did not know. But long before Winthrop returned from his trip round the world, in her meetings with the man she was to marry, she had begun to find that there was something lacking. And Winthrop had shown her that this something lacking was the one thing needful. When Winthrop had gone abroad he was only one of her brother's several charming friends—one of the amusing, merry youths who came and went in the house as freely as Sam himself. Now, after two years' absence, he refused to be placed in that category.

He rebelled on the first night of his return. As she came down to the dinner of welcome her brother was giving Winthrop, he stared at her as though she were a ghost, and said, so solemnly that every one in the room, even Peabody, smiled: "Now I know why I came home." That he refused to recognize her engagement to Peabody, that on every occasion he told her, or by some act showed her, he loved her; that he swore she should never marry any one but himself, and that he would never marry any one but her, did not at first, except to annoy, in any way impress her.

But he showed her what in her intercourse with Peabody was lacking. At first she wished Peabody could find time to be as fond of her, as foolishly fond of her, as was Winthrop. But she realized that this was unreasonable. Winthrop was just a hot-headed impressionable boy, Peabody was a man doing a man's work. And then she found that week after week she became more difficult to please. Other things in which she wished Peabody might be more like Winthrop, obtruded themselves: little things which she was ashamed to notice, but which rankled; and big things, such as consideration for others, and a sense of humor, and not talking of himself. Since this campaign began, at times she had felt that if Peabody said "I" once again, she must scream. She assured herself she was as yet unworthy of him, that her intelligence was weak, that as she grew older and so better able to understand serious affairs, such as the importance of having an honest man at Albany as Lieutenant-Governor, they would become more in sympathy. And now, at a stroke, the whole fabric of self-deception fell from her. It was not that she saw Peabody so differently, but that she saw herself and her own heart, and where it

lay. And she knew that "Billy" Winthrop, gentle, joking, selfish only in his love for her, held it in his two strong hands.

For the moment, when as she sat in the car deserted by Peabody this truth flashed upon her, she forgot the man lying injured in the street, the unscrubbed mob crowding about her. She was conscious only that a great weight had been lifted; that her blood was flowing again, leaping, beating, dancing through her body. It seemed as though she could not too quickly tell Winthrop. For both of them she had lost out of their lives many days. She had risked losing him for always. Her only thought was to make up to



In the evening gown of lace she looked a part of the moonlight night

him and to herself the wasted time. But throughout the day the one-time welcome, but now intruding, friends and the innumerable conventions of hospitality required her to smile and show an interest, when her heart and mind were crying out the one great fact.

It was after dinner, and the members of the house party were scattered between the billiard-room and the piano. Sam Forbes returned from the telephone.

"Tammany," he announced, "concedes the election of Jerome by forty thousand votes, and that he carries his ticket with him. Ernest Peabody is elected Lieutenant-Governor by a thousand votes. Ernest," he added, "seems to have had a close call." There was a tremendous chorus of congratulations in the cause of Reform. They drank the health of Peabody. Peabody himself, on the telephone, informed Sam Forbes that a conference of the leaders would prevent his being present with them that evening. The enthusiasm for Reform perceptibly increased.

An hour later Winthrop came over to Beatrice and held out his hand. "I'm going to slip away," he said. "Good night."

"Going away?" exclaimed Beatrice.

Her voice showed such apparently acute concern that Winthrop wondered how the best of women could be so deceitful, even to be polite.

"I promised some men," he stammered, "to drive them downtown to see the crowds."

Beatrice shook her head.

"It's far too late for that," she said. "Tell me the real reason."

Winthrop turned away his eyes.

"Oh! the real reason," he said gravely, "is the same old reason, the one I'm not allowed to talk about. It's cruelly hard when I don't see you," he went on, slowly dragging out the words, "but it's harder when I do; so I'm going to say 'good night' and run into town."

He stood for a moment staring moodily at the floor, and then dropped into a chair beside her.

"And, I believe, I've not told you," he went on, "that on Wednesday I'm running away for good, that is, for a year or two. I've made all the fight I can and I lose, and there is no use in my staying on here to—well—to suffer, that is the plain English of it. So," he continued briskly, "I won't be here for the ceremony, and this is 'good-by' as well as 'good night.'"

"Where are you going for a year?" asked Miss Forbes.

Her voice now showed no concern. It even sounded as though she did not take his news seriously, as though as to his movements she was possessed of a knowledge superior to his own. He tried to speak in matter-of-fact tones.

"To Uganda!" he said.

"To Uganda?" repeated Miss Forbes. "Where is Uganda?"

"It is in East Africa; I had bad luck there last trip, but now I know the country better, and I ought to get some good shooting."

Miss Forbes appeared indifferently incredulous. In her eyes there was a look of radiant happiness. It rendered them bewilderingly beautiful.

"On Wednesday," she said. "Won't you come and see us again before you sail for Uganda?"

Winthrop hesitated.

"I'll stop in and say 'good-by' to your mother if she's in town, and to thank her. She's been awfully good to me. But you—I really would rather not see you again. You understand, or rather, you don't understand, and," he added vehemently, "you never will understand." He stood looking down at her miserably.

On the driveway outside there was a crunching on the gravel of heavy wheels and an aurora borealis of lights.

"There's your car," said Miss Forbes. "I'll go out and see you off."

"You're very good," muttered Winthrop. He could not understand. This parting from her was the great moment in his life, and although she must know that, she seemed to be making it unnecessarily hard for him. He had told her he was going to a place very far away, to be gone a long time, and she spoke of saying "good-by" to him as pleasantly as though it was his intention to return from Uganda for breakfast.

Instead of walking through the hall where the others were gathered, she led him out through one of the French windows upon the terrace, and along it to the steps. When she saw the chauffeur standing by the car, she stopped.

"I thought you were going alone," she said.

"I am," answered Winthrop. "It's not Fred; that's Sam's chauffeur; he only brought the car around."

The man handed Winthrop his coat and cap, and left them, and Winthrop seated himself at the wheel. She stood above him on the top step. In the evening gown of lace and silver she looked a part of the moonlight night. For each of them the moment had arrived. Like a swimmer standing on the bank gathering courage for the plunge, Miss Forbes gave a trembling, shivering sigh.

"You're cold," said Winthrop, gently. "You must go in. Good-by."

"It isn't that," said the girl. "Have you an extra coat?"

"It isn't cold enough for—"

"I meant for me," stammered the girl in a frightened voice. "I thought perhaps you would take me a little way, and bring me back."

At first the young man did not answer, but sat staring in front of him, then, he said simply:

"It's awfully good of you, Beatrice. I won't forget it."

It was a wonderful autumn night, moonlight, cold, clear and brilliant. She stepped in beside him and wrapped herself in one of his great coats. They started swiftly down the avenue of trees.

"No, not fast," begged the girl. "I want to talk to you."

The car checked and rolled forward smoothly, sometimes in deep shadow, sometimes in the soft silver glamour of the moon; beneath them the fallen leaves crackled and rustled under the slow-moving wheels. At the highway Winthrop hesitated. It lay before them arched with great and ancient elms; below, the Hudson glittered and rippled in the moonlight.

"Which way do you want to go?" said Winthrop.

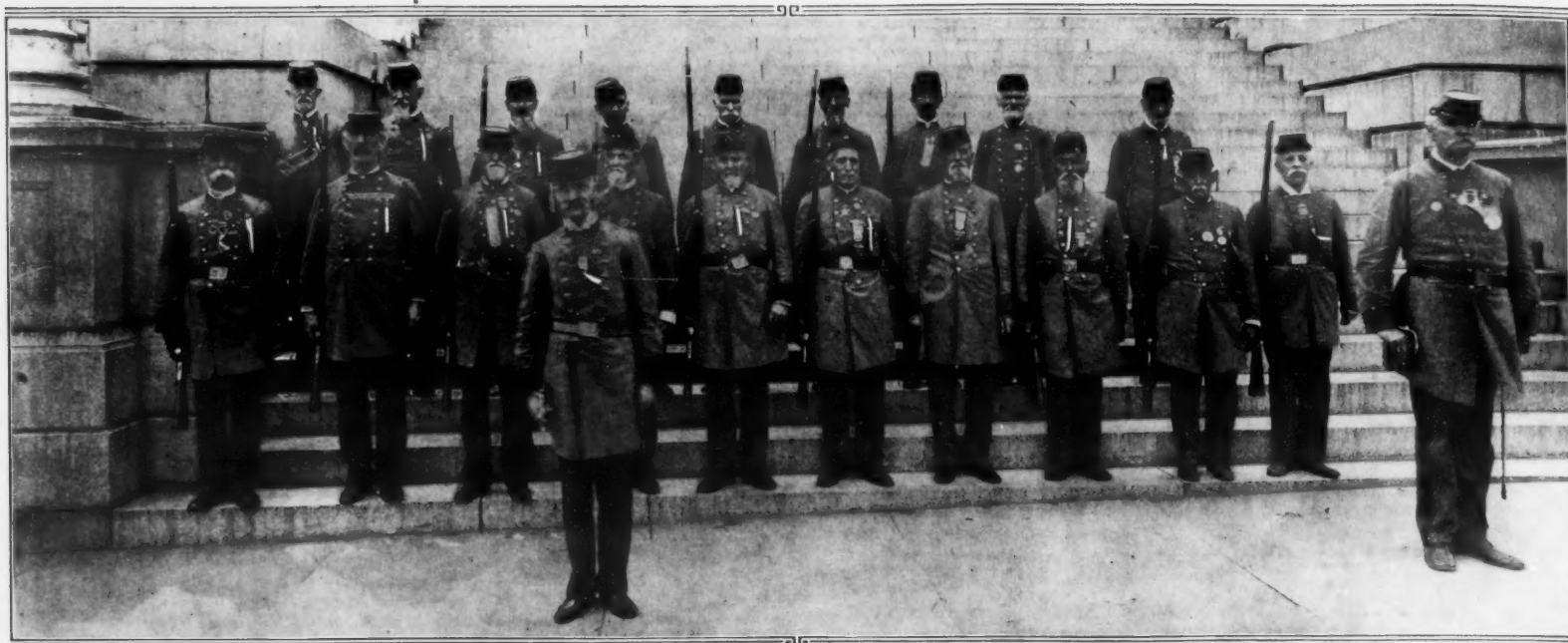
His voice was very grateful, very humble.

The girl did not answer.

There was a long, long pause.

Then he turned and looked at her and saw her smiling at him with that light in her eyes that never was on land or sea.

"To Uganda," said the girl.



THE FIRST ARMED CONFEDERATE INVASION OF WASHINGTON, JUNE 4, 1907

AFTER the great reunion of the Confederate Veterans at Richmond, three companies from Tennessee, headed by Representative John Wesley Gaines, descended upon Washington and took the White House by storm. The accompanying photograph shows Company A of Memphis on the steps of the State, War, and Navy Department Building immediately after the visit to the President. The invaders met their first check at the Capitol, where they had to leave their arms outside. The Veterans wore uniforms of Confederate gray, and they were accompanied by women with miniature Confederate flags. Along with them came an ancient negro who had accompanied the First Tennessee Regiment upon every battlefield upon which it had fought during the four years of the war.



THE NARROW ESCAPE OF THE FIRST LADIES OF TWO LANDS

Madame Fallieres, wife of the President of the French Republic, and Queen Maud of Norway were almost dashed into a lake in the Park of Versailles, on May 29, when the four horses attached to their carriage jumped over a bridge, dragging the carriage with them. Some critics charged the accident to the economy of the President, who had sold off most of the horses in the Elysee stable, making it necessary to depend upon hired animals.

THE Centennial Missionary Conference at Shanghai, in the first week of May, was interesting in a number of ways. It celebrated the centenary of the landing of Dr. Robert Morrison, the first Protestant missionary in China. For the first time in Chinese history, the Imperial Government officially welcomed the gathering of missionaries and expressed its good-will. The Government had already given official recognition to 250 volumes written by Dr. Allen, the white-bearded patriarch in the central picture below. The resolutions adopted by the Conference have united all the Protestant denominations in their missionary work in China. The Taotai Chung, who appears in the first photograph, is the representative of the greatest man in China, the Viceroy Yuan-Shi-kai, creator of that country's new defense



THE SON OF THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY
The Rev. Lord William Cecil, delegate of the China Emergency Mission Committee, talking to H. E. Taotai Chung, representative of Yuan Shi-kai



FIVE VETERANS WHOSE SERVICE TOTALS 240 YEARS OF WORK
From left to right, Rev. W. A. Martin, President of Peking University; Rev. Young Allen, editor and author; Archdeacon Mole, hymn-writer and poet; Rev. Hunter Corbett, Superintendent of Presbyterian Churches, and Archdeacon Thomson of Shanghai, known as the "Friend of the People"



BISHOP CASSELS OF WEST CHINA
A veteran of the hundred years' missionary struggle begun by Robert Morrison, in the Chinese costume he always wears, including shaved head and queue

SOME PARTICIPANTS IN THE GREAT CENTENNIAL MISSIONARY CONFERENCE AT SHANGHAI

WHAT THE WORLD IS DOING

NAVAL STRENGTH

THE new edition of Brassey's "Naval Annual," which has just appeared, contains the interesting announcement that the United States has become the second naval power in the world. This, in the opinion of this authority, is the most important fact of the year. The United States now has ready for service twenty-two first-class battleships, as compared with fifty for Great Britain, twenty for Germany, thirteen for France, and eleven for Japan. It is worth notice that the American numerical strength in ships of this class is precisely twice that of Japan. This fact is not understood everywhere—perhaps not even by the man in the street in Tokyo. The London "Saturday Review" in one column made a note of the announcement that the United States had become the second naval power in the world, and in another remarked editorially that the navy of Japan was superior to that of the United States. It has been generally understood for some little time among Americans that France, which has had the second fleet of the world in total tonnage, has fallen behind us in actual fighting power. This is now authoritatively recognized.

The present disparity between Japanese and American naval strength shows no sign of diminishing in the near future. Brassey carries the comparison to the year 1910, with no material change in the proportions. Germany and the United States are running neck and neck, and at certain stages of the building programs the German battle-fleet will be a trifle ahead. Our recent policy has been to retrench in expenditures, and had nothing occurred to alter it we should probably have been about to fall behind on the completion of the ships now under construction. Recent events, however, have made it probable that we shall return to the policy of steady increase, and we have not yet lost any ground.

Japan hopes ultimately to have twenty battleships and twenty armored cruisers, but that will be a long time in the future, and we have twenty-two battleships already completed and seven more building or authorized. Our custom is not to adopt a program covering a long series of years, but to authorize new ships from year to year. Thus while the German program of 1900 seemed of paralyzing magnitude when viewed in a mass, we have actually outbuilt Germany with our modest yearly accretions. France, hitherto the second naval power of the world, has dropped into fourth place, and it seems hardly possible that any exertions she is in a position to make can give her any higher rank. Russia, which a few years ago stood third, now hardly ranks as a naval power at all. Japan comes next after France, and, unless she shatters her strength in rash enterprises, may overtake her.

In first-class cruisers Japan and the United States are more evenly matched than in battleships, but with a considerable margin of fighting strength on the American side. Taking numbers and tonnage both into consideration, the United States has a substantial advantage in such vessels over any other power except Great Britain. British superiority, both in battleships and in cruisers, is overwhelming. As regards Europe it is above not only a two-power but a three-power standard, although the "Annual" expresses the opinion that under some circumstances the British navy might find it hard to hold its own against a combination of Germany and the United States. Such a combination, of course, is out of the question.

EDITED BY
SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

CONTENTS

Naval Strength	19
The Radical President	19
Queer Ideas on Trade	19
Reform Rampant Everywhere	20
Mr. Root in Mexico	20
Two Trusts in One Day	20
Pennsylvania for Knox	21
Agitators in Japan	21
A Hearst Trust	22
Making the Commuter Pay	22

THE RADICAL PRESIDENT

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT took advantage of an invitation to celebrate "Georgia Day" at the Jamestown Exposition to assemble and emphasize a number of his advanced ideas upon social and economic questions. He renewed his advocacy of income and inheritance taxes, and made it clear that what he was particularly anxious to secure was not revenue for the Government but a means of limiting swollen fortunes. For this purpose he thought an inheritance tax more effective than an income tax. By grading it according to the size of a legacy, imposing each higher rate only on the excess above the amount subject to the next lower rate, the increase could be "carried to its logical conclusion in a maximum rate of nearly one hundred per cent for the amount in excess of a specified sum, without being confiscatory as to the rest of the inheritance." This suggestion of one hundred per cent as the "logical conclusion" of inheritance taxation will send a thrill of joy through the conservatives who rebelled against the two per cent Democratic income tax in 1896.

The President repeated his plea for the national control of our remaining coal and oil lands, our forests and grazing ranges. But the most striking feature of his new profession of faith was his thorough-going advocacy of the principle of unlimited employers' liability for accidents to workmen. The principle of employers' liability has been recognized both in State and in national legislation, but the courts in many cases have nullified the intentions of the lawmakers by shifting the responsibility for accidents to the workers on the plea of negligence or of assumed risk. President Roosevelt would dispose of all complications of that kind by the sweepingly simple method of making the employers liable under all conditions whatever, regardless of negligence or anything else. He would make the rules so clear that payment for accidents would "become automatic instead of being a matter for a lawsuit." Only in this way, he thinks, "can the shock of the accident be diffused, for it will be transferred from employer to consumer, for whose benefit all industries are carried on." The President would even deprive railroad companies that fight the law of all right to Government protection.

QUEER IDEAS ON TRADE

THE discussions in the Imperial Conference at London, which were so carefully sterilized while the meetings were going on, have been published in full in a blue book. Some curious things are recorded in this publication. For instance, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in protesting his eagerness to promote Imperial trade, remarked:

"It was never intended nor thought at the time that the intermediate tariff could apply to the United States. We have said good-by to that trade. We have put all our hopes upon British trade now, but there are other nations. France is one and Italy another, with which we could have better trade than at the present time. France has a minimum tariff, and we are prepared to exchange our intermediate tariff if they will exchange their minimum tariff with us. But while giving this intermediate preference we maintain a system of lower tariff to the mother country and to all our fellow British subjects all over the world."

If these observations are to be taken literally it appears that the Liberal Government of Canada, which came into power eleven years ago as the special advocate of better trade relations with the United States, is now so hostile to that trade that it does not want it on any terms. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's present ideal, apparently, is a low tariff for the British Empire, an intermediate tariff for such foreign countries as Canada wants to trade with, and a high tariff for the United States.

It is hardly necessary to say that such a policy is not neighborly or even friendly. Protectionist greed in the United States has been responsible for many brutal injustices, but they have all been committed for the profit of native interests and the spikes on the tariff fence have been impartially turned toward the world at large. There never has been a deliberate attempt to discriminate against Canada or any other country. Nor has the United States ever objected when other countries have built tariff fences of their own. Germany retaliated against Canada in revenge for the British preference, but the United States never questioned Canada's right to give advantages to Imperial over foreign trade. But to discriminate among foreign countries and offer opportunities to one which are denied to another is quite a different matter.

The policy announced by Sir Wilfrid Laurier seems the more inexplicable when the vast trade he is so anxious to abandon is compared with the little scraps he is trying to substitute for it. In the fiscal year just ended the mere increase in the exports of Canada to the United States was greater than the entire volume of sales to all the countries of the world outside of the British Empire combined. It was two and a half times the actual and three times the relative increase of the exports to Great Britain. Sir Wilfrid speaks of France and Italy as countries whose trade should be cultivated while that with the United States is being thrown away. In 1905 Canada sold \$1,479,999 worth of goods to France, \$198,973 worth to Italy, and \$70,426,765 worth to the United States. The exports to the United States were forty-two times as great as those to France and Italy put together. They were nearly six times as great as those to all foreign countries combined, over six times as great as those to all the British colonies and dependencies, and more than two-thirds as great as those to the United Kingdom. Moreover, the United States was the best customer in the world, not even excepting the United Kingdom, for Canadian manufactured goods, and for the products of the Canadian fisheries, forests, and mines. If the single item of

GENTLEMEN
WHO DRESS FOR STYLE
NEATNESS, AND COMFORT
WEAR THE IMPROVED

BOSTON GARTER

THE RECOGNIZED STANDARD
The Name is
stamped on every
loop—

The *Velvet Grip*
**CUSHION
BUTTON
CLASP**

LIES FLAT TO THE LEG—NEVER
SLIPS, TEARS NOR UNFASTENS

Sample pair, Silk 50c., Cotton 25c.
Mailed on receipt of price.

GEO. FROST CO., Makers
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

ALWAYS EASY

The Holsman Automobile

**FIVE
YEARS
OF
SUCCESS**

Rides
Like a
Carriage



A STANDARD type of power vehicle, light, strong, handsome, high-wheeled, high-bodied—simple, and splendidly efficient. "Rides Like a Carriage," noiselessly and smoothly, over paved city streets, or rocky, rutted, country roads. Practically no repairs and low maintenance.

Solid Rubber Tires—no pneumatics to collapse. Air-cooled—no water to freeze. Holsman features are all fully patented.

Two simple hand levers regulate entire control—start, steer, stop, reverse and brake. No live axles, friction clutches, differential gears, pumps, etc. Double hill-climbing power in reserve. Send today for Handsome Booklet—Free.

HOLSMAN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY
677 Monadnock Block CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

animals and their produce be deducted, the United States bought about \$23,000,000 worth more of Canadian goods than Great Britain did. Finally, the trade to which Sir Wilfrid Laurier has "said good-by" paid the Canadian Government \$20,580,302 in duties—an amount equal to all the remaining customs revenues of Canada, from British and foreign sources combined.



REFORM RAMPANT EVERYWHERE

*Even the Confucius family is
not immune to liberal ideas*

WHEN the Empress Dowager became a reformer it seemed as if there could be few more shocks in store for Chinese conservatism, but one even more startling has been the appearance of the "Holy Duke," the lineal descendant of Confucius, as an advocate of modern ideas. The family of Confucius has been called the most ancient and eminent in the world. Its present head, "the Holy Duke Yen," is the seventy-sixth in direct descent from the sage, who taught before the marbles of the Parthenon were quarried, and whose own ancestry was traced into the twilight of history. A memorial college was about to be founded, by imperial command, at the birthplace of Confucius, and was to be devoted to the study of the Confucian classics. Duke Yen went to Peking to oppose this plan, and in a memorial to the throne urged that the college should teach not only the classics but modern foreign languages, the natural sciences, and political science. The Government had previously taken steps in this direction in the field of general education by modernizing the ancient requirements in the civil service examinations on which all official preferment in China is based, but when the ideas of the twentieth century rise from the very shrine of Confucius there seems to be no refuge for conservatism left in all the world, unless, possibly, at Syracuse University.



MR. ROOT IN MEXICO

*President Diaz wants to see the
commercial traveler of good-will*

WHEN Secretary Root took his cometary flight around the Latin-American republics last year his orbit did not touch Mexico, the nearest and to us the most important of all. This serious omission is now to be remedied. By an autograph letter President Diaz has invited Mr. Root to visit Mexico as the guest of the Republic, and the Secretary has accepted, promising to make the trip in the latter part of the summer. When Secretary Root visited certain of the South American Republics he had the task of dispelling a general distrust of the intentions of the United States and allaying an undisguised feeling of hostility. This duty, which he performed with such signal success, is happily not confronting him in Mexico. His work there will be not to create friendship and confidence, but to cement feelings of friendship and confidence which already exist. In South America he found the eyes of the people turned toward Europe, and the United States bringing up the rear of the commercial procession. In Mexico he will find trade with the United States surpassing that with all other countries of the world combined. If he had not had a warship at his disposal—an accommodation hardly to be expected by the ordinary traveler—he would have found his most convenient way of reaching Rio and Buenos Ayres to be to go to England and take a British steamer. He can go from Washington to the City of Mexico in an American Pullman car, and any other traveler can do the same thing.

Mr. Root's visit will be of peculiar importance on account of the critical situation in Central America. Mexico is the natural monitor of the squabbling Isthmian republics. She has raised herself from a state of chronic revolution and anarchy to one of enlightened order, and she can show her neighbors how to do the same thing. It is now proposed to hold a congress in the City of Mexico, composed partly of regularly accredited delegates from the Central American republics and partly of Central Americans resident in Mexico, to arrange a scheme by which the five discordant states will be combined into one federation of respectable size and stability. If such a convention can meet under the influence of two such personalities as President Diaz and Secretary Root it may be able to accomplish a work of civilization which has often been attempted before, but which has always been shipwrecked upon the jealousies of little men.



TWO TRUSTS IN ONE DAY

*One monopoly for New England railroads
and another for Atlantic coast steamers*

THE completion of two great new transportation mergers was officially made known on June 5. Although President Mellen of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad had emphatically denied that his company was trying to secure control of the Boston and Maine, this control was substantially achieved by the New Haven's acquisition of over a third of the Boston and Maine's stock. The rest is held in such small amounts that there is no probability of any joint action on the part of its owners that could overcome the solid block swung by Mr. Mellen's corporation. The merger was effected by exchanging stock in the New Haven for Boston and Maine stock, dollar for dollar. For this purpose, among others, the New Haven issued \$30,000,000 of new stock.

At the same time Mr. C. W. Morse, whose ambition is to control the

The Rapid
MOTOR VEHICLE

**Commercial
Power
Wagons**

Are You
Interested
In Sight-seeing
Cars?

Then you will surely want to know more about the famous "Rapid" line, built in the largest factory in the world, devoted exclusively to this class of motor cars. "Rapid" sight-seeing cars are built to carry comfortably 12, 16, 20 and 25 passengers, and present a handsome and impressive appearance. They are operated by a light but powerful two-cylinder gasoline engine that insures speed and power, with freedom from jar and vibrations. Just the thing for hotels, clubs or as private investment. Prices from \$1,600 to \$4,000.

Write me today for our catalogue which illustrates our 20 types of commercial motor cars. We make special bodies to fit your requirements. Every car guaranteed for one year.

H. T. HENRY, Sales Manager
RAPID MOTOR VEHICLE CO. Pontiac, Mich., U. S. A.

"Rapid" 12 Passenger Sight-Seeing Car,
Price \$1,800.

See our Exhibit at the Jamestown Exhibition
and have a demonstration.

The first Derby made in America was a
C & K

Hats for Men



KNAPP-FELT hats are refreshingly light in weight. Their superb quality and firm texture render excessive weight unnecessary. Knapp-Felt De Luxe hats, the best made, are Six Dollars. Knapp-Felt, the next best, are Four Dollars—everywhere.

WRITE FOR THE HATMAN
THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
842 Broadway, New York

BUILD YOUR OWN BOAT

BY THE
BROOKS SYSTEM

Of Full Size Patterns and Illustrated Instructions

You need no tool experience—no previous knowledge of boats. Our big free catalog gives hundreds of testimonials—tells how a profitable boat building business may be established. Send for it. We sell knock-down frames with patterns to finish for less than it costs others to manufacture. 21,311 experienced people built boats by the Brooks System last year.

Why not you?
Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded.

BROOKS BOAT MFG. CO. (BROOKS SYSTEM)
SIGNATURE OF THE PATENTED SYSTEM OF BOAT BUILDING.
106 SHIP ST. SAGINAW MICH. U.S.A.

KNOCK DOWN FURNITURE

You Save 1/3 the Cost

By putting together and finishing it at home. We furnish it—Art and Mission designs—heavy solid oak—every piece fitted and smoothed—includes stain and fastenings.

You Save 1/3 manufacturing cost—1/3 the freight and all dealers' profits

Send trial order for this \$4 chair. Bottom cushion cover of leather \$1.50. Particulars of other pieces sent on request.

BROOKS MFG. CO. (BROOKS SYSTEM)
SIGNATURE OF THE PATENTED SYSTEM OF FURNITURE.
106 SHIP ST. SAGINAW MICH. U.S.A.



Mullins Steel Boats

Motor Boats, Row Boats, Hunting and Fishing Boats

built of steel with air chambers in each end like a life boat. They can't sink. Faster, more buoyant, practically indestructible, don't leak, dry out and are absolutely safe. No calking, no bailing, no trouble. Every boat is guaranteed.

Highly endorsed by sportsmen. The ideal boat for pleasure, summer resorts, parks, etc. Boats shipped day order is received.

THE W. H. MULLINS CO.
119 Franklin St., Salem, Ohio

Write for Catalogue.

Learn to Run Automobiles

Our course of study by mail teaches you an easy and pleasant way of earning from \$25 to \$100 a week. Our graduates are recognized as experts and positions seek them. You become a chauffeur, garage manager or auto-salesman. Write for free booklet of particulars.

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF 148 W. 56th St.
AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERS New York City

The true Cost of your Roof

is not only what you pay to buy it, but also what you pay to keep it intact for the entire life of the building. The roof man, afraid of this only true cost test, baits you with "cheapest-to-buy," "easiest-to-lay," "nails-free" roofing. The cheapest-in-the-end roofs are

Genuine Bangor Slate Roofs

Write Free Roof for our Book

tin people about tin
tile shingle " " shingle
patent gravel, asphalt, flint, etc.
slate people about slate

GENUINE BANGOR SLATE CO.
Curl Building, EASTON, PA.

CHEER UP & SHOW YOUR COLORS



"THE WICK ADJUSTABLE FANCY HAT BAND"

"the band with hooks" (all rights reserved). The Wick Band can be adjusted to any hat—straw, panama, slouch or telescope. Goes right on over the old band. Fits any size hat. Any hat can be made a Club or Varsity hat by the adjustment of a Wick Band.

Over nine hundred patterns and combinations: Club, Fraternity or College colors; stripes, plaids, polka dots, neat gray or new black and white effects.

25c. and 50c.

at your hatter's or haberdasher's—or send stamps or cash to us and say what colors you want—or leave it to us and we will send you the latest thing, together with our book of color combinations. Address Dept. C

WICK NARROW FABRIC CO., PHILADELPHIA
Producers of Specialties

PREMOGRAPH



A perfect reflecting camera for only

Ten Dollars

One turn of the key sets the mirror.
One glance through the hood determines the image.
One reverse turn of the key makes the exposure.

No dependence on small view finder. No estimation of distance necessary. No chance of the subject being recorded excepting just as seen through the hood.

Loads in daylight with 3 1/2 x 4 1/2 Premo Film Pack.

Makes Time or Instantaneous exposures.
As light and compact as an ordinary box camera.

Write to-day for catalogue of this epoch making camera.

Rochester Optical Company
50 South Street Rochester, N. Y.

KING MANTELS

Represent **Quality, Style and Economy**

We court investigation and, unless we knew our goods, should not offer to send our magnificent 72-p. cat. for 12c. (that costs us 50c. to deliver) including our book, "Colonial Beauties."

FREE "EVIDENCE" BOOK
Shows 37 leading designs and tells what others think of King Mantels. Some in your section. It is convincing. Write to-day, stating number of mantels required.

KING MANTEL CO.
643-645 West Jackson Ave. Knoxville, Tenn.

PARROTS

The most jolly, sociable and interesting of all home pets, and our **PAGE PARROTS** have been for years considered the best of all. They are from a certain district of Central Mexico, and are bright, vivacious and learn quickly to almost perfectly imitate the human voice. Each bird personally selected and fully guaranteed. Worth \$20.00; but on orders received before September 1st will furnish for

ONLY \$9.50 EACH
including shipping case and food for journey. Fine large cage, \$1.00. Nine young parrots of a cheaper kind but guaranteed talkers, \$3.95 each. Good cage, \$1.40. Page's complete book on parrots, showing leading varieties in natural colors, 25 cents. Illustrated catalogue of Parrots, Imported German Canaries, Gold Fish, etc., FREE, if you mention this periodical.

IOWA BIRD COMPANY, Des Moines, Ia.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S

entire Atlantic coastwise steamer service, perfected arrangements for the consolidation of six lines through exchanges of stock. The Consolidated Steamship Lines, a company formed by Mr. Morse to unite his various marine interests, had already acquired control of the Clyde, Mallory, Eastern, and Metropolitan Lines. The stockholders of the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Company and the New York and Porto Rico Steamship Company were now invited to exchange their stock at the rate of \$10,000 in four per cent bonds and one hundred shares of stock in the Consolidated for every one hundred shares of stock in the old companies. That is to say, the capital was diluted with just one hundred per cent of water. The total capitalization of the new coasting trust is \$60,000,000 for the holding company and \$62,000,000 for the subsidiary corporations.

The Boston and Maine consolidation makes almost the whole of New England the province of a single railroad company, to which is annexed the control of the water routes on Long Island Sound. The Morse shipping merger covers the entire Atlantic and Gulf coasts of the United States, from Maine to Texas, together with the traffic between the mainland and Cuba and Porto Rico. Mr. Morse also controls the principal steamboat lines on the Hudson River. The only thing that seems to stand in the way of his ambition to monopolize the whole coast shipping traffic is that some Atlantic and Gulf lines are owned by powerful railroad companies which need them in their business.



PENNSYLVANIA FOR KNOX

The Republican organization lauds him as the original anti-monopolist

THE Republicans of Pennsylvania have decided that President Roosevelt's policies are just what the nation needs, and that Senator Philander C. Knox is precisely the right man to carry them out. On the former point the platform adopted at Harrisburg on June 5 expressed again the confidence of the Republican organization in the "integrity, wisdom, and devotion to the public good of Theodore Roosevelt," and its "approval of the work of his Administration," and pledged the party to "a loyal adherence to the policies inspired by the principle of equality of right and opportunity to all." Hearty commendation was extended to the Fifty-ninth Congress, which, without confiscation or unfairness to vested rights, "passed more important legislation than any preceding Congress for the proper regulation and control of corporations and trusts and the punishment of improper practices."

Having rendered due homage to the President and his policies, the convention proceeded to discard his candidate and offer one of its own. It gave Philander Chase Knox the credit of having shown five years ago that a constitutional amendment was not necessary for the regulation of corporations engaged in interstate commerce, and of having made his opinion good by the legal proceedings which he successfully prosecuted and by the bills which he prepared and Congress passed. "Pennsylvania," it said, "has just pride in presenting to her sister States as a worthy successor to Theodore Roosevelt her distinguished son, who from the beginning was foremost in counsel and most effectual in practical support of the policies for the regulation of corporate power which have so endeared the President to the people of this country."

Senator Knox lost no time in accepting the proffered honor. In a statement issued the same evening he expressed his gratification at the action of the convention in coupling his name with President Roosevelt's, and pledged himself not to refuse the nomination if the National Convention should offer it to him. When Senator Foraker heard of this he was as unselfishly gratified as if he had not been a Presidential candidate himself. "Knox is a first-class man," he said magnanimously. As the former Attorney-General's anti-monopoly record did not cause the Pennsylvania Railroad to put any obstacles in the way of his election to the Senate, it is thought that the Knox Presidential candidacy will be regarded with benevolent feelings by many large financial interests which would be saddened by the success of Taft.

AGITATORS IN JAPAN

Hoodlum outrages in San Francisco give them an opportunity to make mischief



THE playful assaults of San Francisco hoodlums upon Japanese resorts have revived that spirit of resentment in Japan which it was hoped General Kuroki's visit had allayed. In themselves the incidents were not particularly serious. For a number of years violence has been a recognized feature of labor troubles in San Francisco. Every great strike has stirred the hoodlum population to congenial action with bricks and paving stones as a matter of course. Revolvers and knives have usually made their appearance in due time. The crowds have "played no favorites" in the matter of race. All colors and nationalities have looked alike to them when there have been heads to be broken. As it happens, the raided Japanese establishments got off rather unusually well for the objects of a hoodlum visitation in strike time. Nobody was hurt, although a Japanese cook is said to have started the row by throwing a knife at a white man.

But the Japanese Consul-General at San Francisco made an inflammatory report, in which he laid the gang's outrages to race hatred, and carefully collected every incident that could be represented in a similar light. One restaurant was "threatened." There were "threatening demonstrations" against another. A third was "the scene of a demonstration." Things that would have been contemptuously ignored if they had been committed by the same riffraff against persons of any other nationality were industriously scraped together and made counts in an indictment against the American

BARRETT JACKS

Trying Circumstances

usually accompany any emergency calling in to use an automobile jack. At such times you are in no mood to find your jack out of adjustment so that you have to tinker it into order. If you have a "BARRETT" JACK you can be absolutely sure that it will be ready for quick, effective and safe action at any time. The "Barrett" is the only jack of which this can be truly said—the only jack you can depend upon to safely support your car. You can't afford to save fifty cents or a dollar by purchasing an untrustworthy imitation.

"Barrett" jacks are furnished by the makers of the leading cars, are sold by the most responsible dealers, or by direct. Write for catalog.

THE DUFF MANUFACTURING CO.

Exclusive Makers of "Barrett" Jacks
Works: Allegheny, Pa. Pittsburgh, Pa.
26 Cortlandt St., New York—4 Rue Auber, Paris
124 Longacre, London Antwerp Montreal
"The Jack that Duff Builds"



Electric Lights Turned Up or Down

Save your current; save your eyes; save your lamps with the wonderful new Dim-A-Lite Electric Lamp Socket. Fits all incandescent bulbs and fixtures, and turns up and down like gas or a lamp. Changed by a touch from full illumination to medium, "way-down" night lamp, or extinguished.

Dim-A-Lite Turn-down Socket

is a portable attachment that is not a part of the lamp. Never turns out. Lasts forever.

Not only saves an average of half the current, but doubles the life of the lamp. Suitable for 16 candle-power and under. Japanned finish, 75 cts.; Brush Brass or Oxidized Copper, \$1.00. If not at dealers we will send postpaid on receipt of price. Send for circular.

HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO.
1620 Real Estate Trust Bldg., Phila., Pa.

7% Preferred Stock

(Cumulative)

The J. G. Brill Co.

Total Issue \$5,000,000. Par \$100

The Brill Company owns large street railway car building plants in five cities. The business dates from 1869 and has returned profits steadily. The Company is now earning at the rate of over 2 1/2 times the preferred stock dividend requirement. Descriptive circular mailed on application.

We offer a limited amount of this stock at \$100 a share, and accrued dividend, and recommend it as an excellent industrial investment.

EDWARD B. SMITH & CO.
Bankers

Members New York and Philadelphia Stock Exchanges
511 Chestnut Street Philadelphia 7 Wall Street New York

PERFECT TIRE CASE AT LAST

WILEY'S "PERFECT" TIRE CASE

ENDLESS—One Piece Complete

No straps, no lace, no flaps, no strings, no wire rods, no snap buttons, no fussing. Water, grease and dust proof. On and off the easiest and quickest.

Patent Applied For
An ornament to any car. Send for descriptive circular and price list. Also puttee leathers, lamp and auto covers.
THE WM. H. WILEY & SON CO.
Box 52 Hartford, Conn.

STUDY LAW

High-Grade Instruction by Correspondence
Established 1892
Prepares for the bar of any State. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Improved method of instruction, combining theory and practice.
One student writes: "I have learned more law in three months under your instruction than I learned in six months in a law office."
APPROVED BY BENCH AND BAR
Classes begin each month. Uniform rate of tuition. Send for our 48-page catalogue, in which we give a synopsis of the rules for admission to the bar of the several States.
Chicago Correspondence School of Law
Reaper Block, Chicago





TRADE MARK
"Porosknit"
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

SUMMER UNDERWEAR

is the only serviceable porous underwear at a reasonable price on the market.

Let your body breathe in air-open **"Porosknit"** True coolness and real cleanliness are only possible by admitting fresh air to the skin.

Be your underwear ever so loose, if it is closely knit, the pores of your skin are smothered.

"Porosknit" through its air holes keeps you cool, clean and comfortable, lessens perspiration, prevents your undergarments from clinging moistly to the skin, dries them by fresh air, banishes offensive odors, feels delightfully easy, because it is elastic.

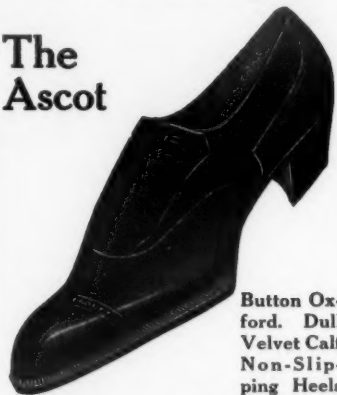
Ask your dealer and look for the label—If he can't supply you, write **"Porosknit"** for free sample of the fabric and our deeply interesting booklet, "INSIDE INFORMATION."

CHALMERS KNITTING COMPANY
3 Washington St., Amsterdam, N. Y.

The Florsheim SHOE

Look for Name in Strap

The Ascot



Button Oxford. Dull Velvet Calf Non-Slip- ping Heels

Comfortable from the start. Stylish to the finish—Florsheim Oxfords. They hold the foot in a firm, glove-like grasp that is neither tight enough to pinch nor loose enough to permit the foot to rub. Made over special low shoe lasts.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most styles sell for \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

A Certain Relief for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet. Sold by Druggists and Shoe Stores Everywhere, 25c. DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.

This signature

Allen's Foot-Ease
on every box.

For FREE Trial Pack- age, also Free Sample of FOOT-EASE San- itary CORN-PAD, a new invention, ad- dress, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

My Shoes Will Give Comfort To Your Feet



Chas. K. Sharood
Maker

And I've been making quality shoes ever since. But I've gone further—I have invented a new sole, which not only gives ease and comfort to the foot, but protects it as well.

After standing or walking for several hours on the inflexible soles of ordinary shoes it's no wonder that your feet are sore, tired and inflamed.

Then, too, ordinary shoes are not waterproof. Dampness soaks in and causes colds, neuralgia, chilblains, rheumatism and kindred ailments.

Now, let me describe the soles in my R E-Z shoes, which are totally unlike any other ever manufactured.

First, you will see by the cross-section picture, that next to the outer sole is a cork sole laid in rubber cement—giving a moisture-proof bottom. Then, for further protection, next to that is a special water proof canvas interlining—on top of that is the famous R E-Z Pneumatic Sole—

R E Z
Pneumatic Soles
\$5.00

the most distinctive feature ever produced in shoe manufacture.

This sole is made of a specially antiseptic-felted combination of wool and cotton.

Being felted, the R E-Z Pneumatic Sole can't "roll or bunch up"—it won't form ridges or humps like the old-style shoe—we guarantee it always to remain smooth, even and uniform.

It's like treading on air to feel these springy, resilient R E-Z Pneumatic Soles beneath your feet. You walk with a free, buoyant step, because your feet feel good—they're comfortable and at ease.

Wear Sharood R E-Z Shoes, and your whole system will feel the change.

I make these shoes to sell at \$5.00 per pair and if there is no dealer handling them in your town, I will supply you direct, express prepaid, on receipt of price.

Write today for Free Men's Style Booklet showing 14 different patterns in the famous R E-Z Pneumatic Sole Shoes.

Address



SHAROOD 354 Broadway St. Paul Minnesota

people. The result was that an unfortunate state of feeling was aroused in Tokyo. Agitators began to denounce the Mikado's Government for not being "firm" enough in its dealings with the United States. Count Okuma, formerly Prime Minister and now leader of the Progressive, or Opposition, Party, as well as founder and head of the Waseda University, urged that Japan should demand a public apology from the Mayor of San Francisco, as well as assurances of treatment for Japanese similar to that given to Anglo-Saxons. Seven fire-eating university professors demanded a "more stalwart foreign policy" all along the line, and the remarkable assertion was published that if the demands proposed by Count Okuma were not acceded to "demonstrative measures" would be taken—details not specified. A deputation from the Progressive Party called upon Foreign Minister Hayashi on June 5 to ask for an explanation of the Government's "apparent inaction" and urge the necessity of "peremptorily dealing with the question now," so that frequent repetitions of the acts complained of might not endanger the friendly relations of Japan and America. One paper informed its confiding public that the Japanese outrages in San Francisco (smashing the windows of a restaurant and bath house, with no casualties) were "worse than the murder of a missionary in China, which resulted in the occupation of Kiau-Chau." In spite of the efforts of these mischief-makers the Japanese Government has continued to maintain an attitude of proper restraint, but the Tokyo press is working itself up into a state of indignation that makes it very hard for statesmen to keep their balance.

A HEARST TRUST

Unless the courts restrain it there will be no more Chicago comics for a nickel



THE nation's mightiest trust-buster, Mr. William Randolph Hearst, has found out at last how it feels to be a hunted octopus. The publisher and circulation manager of his Chicago "Examiner" and the circulation manager of his Chicago "American" have been prosecuted, along with officers of the "Record-Herald" and "News," for conspiracy and violation of the Illinois Anti-trust law in combining to raise the price of Sunday newspapers from five to seven cents. The complainants are nominally newsdealers who allege that the papers in the trust forbade them to handle the Chicago Sunday "Tribune," which had refused to join in the agreement to raise prices, on penalty of being blacklisted by the combination. It is understood that the prosecution is really inspired by the "Tribune." This organ of capital is now standing for the inalienable right of the people to get their Sunday supply of Katzenjammer Kids for a nickel, while the people's own champion appears as a grasping monopolist seeking to extract two extra coppers from the sufferings of those to whom his papers have become necessities of life.



MAKING THE COMMUTER PAY

The railroads in Pennsylvania propose to teach malcontents a lesson

PRESIDENT BAER of the Reading and President McCrea of the Pennsylvania have been trying to find out why the people love the railroads so. Mr. Baer made the first tests. The Pennsylvania Legislature had passed a law limiting passenger rates to two cents a mile. Such laws have been passed in some fourteen States. They have been criticized by conservative citizens on the ground that conditions in different parts of the country are so various that what would be a high rate in one State might be unreasonably low in another. In general terms the idea has been that roads serving densely settled regions full of business activity could afford to carry passengers cheaper than those traversing thinly populated districts. From this point of view there is no State in the Union in which two-cent fares would be more likely to be profitable than in Pennsylvania. Outside of the respective metropolitan districts that State has more people in a smaller area than New York. If a two-cent-fare law would not work there it would not work anywhere. But the railroads refused to submit to the statute. They took it into the courts, and meanwhile they decided to take revenge for their annoyance on the unfortunates who had made their homes in the suburbs of Philadelphia and had to go into town every day to work.

The Reading announced a wholesale increase in commutation rates, which were already extortionate. The increases amounted in general to forty per cent, and in some cases went as high as sixty-five. It was cautiously explained that this was not a matter of revenge, but of meeting increased expenses. But Mr. Baer's commuting peasantry rose in instant revolt. They flooded him with letters; they sent delegations to remonstrate with him; they pilloried him in the press, and they engineered a boycott against his road. In ten days he surrendered. A new rate schedule was issued, giving up most of the advanced ground, although it was still not satisfactory to the Reading's patrons, who demanded an actual reduction.

Undeterred by Mr. Baer's experience, the Pennsylvania issued a defiance to the public the very day after his surrender. It withdrew from sale all commutation and other reduced rate tickets running beyond September 30, the date set for the Two-Cent Fare law to go into effect, on the openly avowed ground that if it failed to have the law declared unconstitutional before that time it would make the commuters pay for it. It even intimated that it might charge them the full legal rate of two cents a mile, which of course would mean absolute ruin to thousands of working people who have settled in the suburbs on the faith of railroad pledges of cheap transportation and are paying for homes on the instalment plan. By the first of October President McCrea of the Pennsylvania hopes to have some light upon the causes of the curious and hitherto inexplicable popular feeling against corporations.



Keep Cool!

Hot weather makes folks weary. Coca-Cola makes them cool.
Always healthful—especially after exercise

5c

DRINK
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

5c

Guaranteed under the Pure Food and Drugs
Act, June 30th, 1906. Serial Number 3324

THE GREAT NATIONAL BEVERAGE

DELICIOUS!

THIRST-QUENCHING!

REFRESHING!

Let Me Send You My New Window Washer for 10 Days' FREE TRIAL



The Stanton Window Washer is an entirely new idea. A round, first class brush fitted with the Stanton Patent Sprayer is attached to a handle of steel bicycle tubing as light as wood. At the other end of the handle is a valve through which the water goes up and is evenly sprayed through the brush as you wish. The flow of water is regulated by a valve in the brush handle. A patented "Goose" neck at the top prevents the water from running back into your sleeve.

My brush saves half the time and you don't wear out the brush jamming a pole into it. The saving of time means a saving of wear and so my brush will outwear many ordinary brushes. The steel handle will never wear out. It does the work better than you can possibly do it with an ordinary brush because it is constantly fed with clean water. You don't have to waste time carrying pails, or in stopping to lower your brush, dip it into a pail and raise it again.

The Stanton Window Washer

For Store Fronts, Plate Windows, Dwelling Windows, Automobiles, Carriages, Railway Coaches, Street Cars and all Polished Surfaces

My House Washing and Scrubbing Brush with a 2 or 4 foot handle sells for \$5.00. My special soft brush with 4 to 8 foot handle for washing windows, automobiles, cars and all highly polished surfaces sells for \$6.50. Now here is a special inducement. You need both these brushes. Order both and you may have them for \$10 thus saving \$1.50. Both brushes and handles are interchangeable. Why not scrub your house with the Stanton Window Washer? Maybe you'll find it won't need painting.

Remember my free trial offer. The outfit will be sent on 10 Days' Free Trial, express prepaid upon receipt of price. And if you do not find it exactly as represented, return at my expense and I will refund your money.

GEORGE R. STANTON, 315 W. Main St., Decatur, Ill.
My reference: Milliken National Bank of Decatur.
Special Rates to Dealers, Railroads and Steamship Lines.

"In all the World no trip like this"



The Great Lakes of America

NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

SS. NORTH WEST Leaves Buffalo Saturdays and Duluth Tuesdays	SS. NORTH LAND Leaves Buffalo Wednesdays and Chicago Saturdays
---	--


American or European Plan
To all lake resorts, including Mackinac Island, Sault Ste. Marie, Marquette, Houghton, Duluth, Harbor Springs, Milwaukee and Chicago

Season from June 22 to first week in September

Tickets Optional (Rail or Steamship)
SPECIAL EXCURSION RATES
Write for particulars. W. M. Lowrie, G.P.A., 379 Broadway, New York City

THE SHOT THAT TELLS

is made with a Revolver not only perfect in mechanism and material, but also having the balance or "hang" which is of vital importance to accurate shooting.



These features together with the Special COLT grip are embodied in all Colt Revolvers, which are unchallenged as the World's standard.

Catalog "Revolvers" describes all models. Mailed on request

COLT'S PATENT FIREARMS MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Hartford, Conn. 15a Pall Mall, London, S. W.

Bean-Basics

CHEESE is now produced from Beans.

And the "Legumin" from which this Bean-Cheese can be made is one of the richest of all Body-Builders.

This "Legumin" of Beans corresponds with the "Casein" of Milk from which Cheese-curd is obtained.

It also corresponds with the "Gluten" of bread, which makes dough elastic enough to "raise" through its cells being stretched by a gas formed in them while baking.

Legumin, Casein, and Gluten are the nitrogenous parts of foods—their "Proteids"—Body-Builders.

They build up, and re-build, worn-out tissue while other food-factors supply only Heat and Energy.



It is the nitrogenous *Proteid* in Beefsteak which alone justifies its high price.

And Beefsteak contains only 20 pounds of *Proteid* in every 100 pounds, while "Snider-Process" Beans contain 23 pounds per 100.

"Snider-Process" Beans contain as much nitrogenous *Proteid* as the best English Stilton Cheese, which is popularly supposed to be the richest of all foods in nitrogenous *Proteid*, though comparatively indigestible.

Even the best Beans grown, however, as usually cooked, have a very bad fault which has hitherto limited their use.

That fault is their production of Flatulence, Colic, ("Wind on the Stomach").

And this is why the "Snider-Process" of preparing and cooking Pork & Beans became so necessary to their unrestricted use.



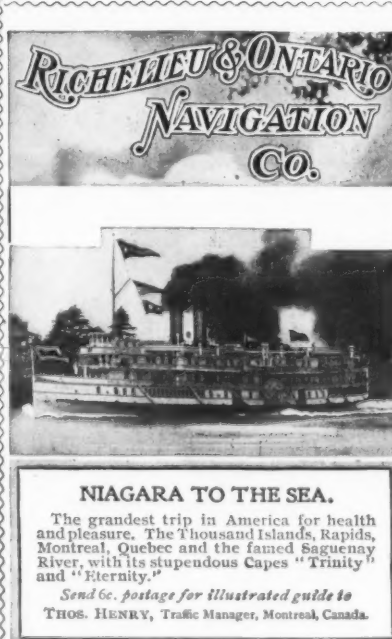
The "Snider-Process" is strictly in accord with all the Pure Food Laws of the world.

It not only eliminates the "Colic" from Beans but, in addition, renders them deliciously mellow, tender, cheesy, fine-grained and full-flavored.



The T. A. Snider Preserve Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION Co.



NIAGARA TO THE SEA.

The grandest trip in America for health and pleasure. The Thousand Islands, Rapids, Montreal, Quebec and the famed Saguenay River, with its stupendous Capes "Trinity" and "Eternity."

Send 6c. postage for illustrated guide to THOS. HENRY, Traffic Manager, Montreal, Canada.

Let me sell Your Patent

My book based upon 16 years' experience as a Patent Salesman mailed FREE. Patent sales exclusively. If you have a Patent for sale call on or write

WILLIAM E. HOYT
Patent Sales Specialist
205 Dun Building
Broadway New York City

YOUR CREDIT is Good with Us

So order all you want in Handsome Goods Now



75c cash and 50c a month, for this great Challenge Bargain "Peoples" Special Bed Rail Iron Bed—Price only \$5.35 See below

On Our Confidential Plan

This marvelous challenge Brass Rail Bed—of new handsome design—solid and durable—tests the world of High Quality House Furnishings. In only one of 3000 wholesale priced bargains shown in our 4 Grand Color Illustrated Credit Catalogs sent you FREE if you just write a Postal Card to us today.

This Special Offer at lowest factory price is made only to introduce our liberal—no security—no interest—Confidential Credit Plan and Lowest Prices to you, if you'll write and get our 4 Free Catalogs now.

"It's Easy to Pay The Peoples Way."

Don't fail to write. Then you'll see large actual photograph reproductions and full descriptions of this Challenge Brass Rail Bed, also Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Refrigerators, Go-carts, Baby Carriages, Curtains, etc. Then you can just as well get at once all you've wanted for your home. You pay only 15c. down on every \$1 worth you get. Order all you want. Lowest prices—all explained in our

4 HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGS FREE

All goods shipped promptly—you see, test and compare every article at your home. If not perfectly satisfied return it—OUR expense—costs you not a cent. All your money refunded. \$5000 Gold Guarantee protects you. We're reliable—liberal—established 25 years. So write now—TODAY—for 4 Free Catalogs.

Peoples Outfitting Co., 260 Sixth Street, Detroit, Mich.

WHAT IS A GOOD STORY?

Some results of a recent invitation to our readers for a frank expression of their views concerning the fiction published in COLLIER'S

IN the issue of February 23 we invited our readers to write us concerning the fiction of COLLIER'S, and incidentally we offered the nominal sum of \$25 for the best letter written on the subject.

We have received a great many contributions, and we are happy in our belief that most of them were inspired by a perfectly sincere desire to assist us in giving our readers the kind of fiction they want rather than by any sordid greed of prize money. No one contributor told us all we wanted to know, but from the many we have done our best to select the one letter which we considered the best all-around effort, and we take pleasure in publishing it conspicuously herewith.

From a somewhat carefully compiled statement, we should say that sixty per cent of our correspondents heartily approved of our stories. Thirty per cent discriminated carefully between what they considered the good and the bad, dividing the sheep and the goats in about two equal flocks. Five per cent but seldom found a story suited to their likes, and the remaining five per cent regarded our fiction as perfectly hopeless and hardly worth the time and paper it took to waste their wrath on us. Almost without exception, it was the latter class which was most enthusiastic about our editorials and special articles, and urged us to get out the paper anyhow. For these kind words we thank them, and for their vituperations concerning our fiction we are not ungrateful.

This from Brighton, Colorado:

"Once in a while a good story appears, but it doesn't generally end to suit me, for it lacks a finish of some kind. For instance, one story left the couple out at sea in a boat, and we would have liked them to go home and see their home life before they fell in [the sea]."

Another lady correspondent says: "I'm tired of looking through the advertising pages for what happened and finding that it had been crowded out." Hereafter we shall try to see to it that the stories reach a logical conclusion and the dénouement is not "crowded out."

In a general way our mental condition, after a careful perusal of these many letters, is something akin to that of a jury which has been listening to the evidence of alienists or handwriting experts, supplied and paid for by both the prosecution and defense. From our very first letter of the morning mail we read, for example, that COLLIER'S publishes all the best fiction of the day. "It is a pleasure," adds our correspondent, "to know that there is one periodical that we can read to our young daughters without having to look ahead to see if it is a proper story." The glow of pleasure, however, with which this warms us is somewhat chilled by the next letter from "A Father," who says that he would as soon read a COLLIER'S story aloud as he would throw a bomb into the very centre of the home circle. Our correspondents have not only criticized the stories in a general way, but in many cases have given the titles of the stories in which they found virtue and others wherein they could see only faults. And it is fair to say that we do not believe a single story published during the last two years has not found staunch champions and equally violent enemies. But the proportion of friends and enemies has not, fortunately, been found to be equal, and from this we hope to find a certain guidance for our fiction of the future.

PRIZE LETTER

"EDITOR COLLIER'S—We are three at our house. We call ourselves the Higher Critic, the Self-Made Man, and the Average Reader. We are much addicted to reading and discussing stories; and now and then we find one we all like. Since the beginning of the first prize contest, we have found one in COLLIER'S. It was called 'The Telegram.'"


"I admit we are a somewhat exacting audience, but I think we are also a rather comprehensively representative one. We have found a few other stories, from time to time, which one or the other of us has liked; but we could not agree. We have our prepossessions. The Higher Critic insists upon an esoteric something, which she fancies she can detect, and which she calls 'literary quality,' or 'good workmanship.' The Average Reader insists upon the cheerful and wholesome, and has an antipathy to anything gruesome, or morbid, or even tragic, which is as energetic and instinctive as a cat's aversion to wetting her feet. (Her deplorable inconsistency in liking 'The Telegram' seems merely the one proverbial exception.) The Self-Made Man is more tolerant. He does not make up his mind every morning, as if it were a bed. He frequently leaves it open to air."

"We began with 'Fagan.' The Higher Critic said that it was a good story, but not a remarkable story. The Self-Made Man was respectful, but not enthusiastic; while the Average Reader never got beyond the fact that it was concerned with the psychology of a person with whom the President could not have dined with impunity, as far as our votes are concerned. The heroine of 'Many Waters' was sophisticated enough, in all conscience; yet, collectively, we entertained for her but a temperate regard. The Self-Made Man and the Higher Critic agreed that, if 'In the Promised Land' had stopped a column or two sooner it would have been almost a great story; it was human, dramatic, sincere—and the action was set in a visible world, not in a vacuum. The Average Reader firmly refused to read it, because it was about Mormons. The Higher Critic liked 'The Sick-A-Bed Lady'; she said that it was delicious, fresh, and delicate. But the Self-Made Man (who liked it too) convinced her that there was in it a hint of the morbid, the decadent. The Average Reader, interested at first, unexpectedly dismissed it with a hostile sniff. We were all surprised when 'A Tempered Wind' came out; we didn't see what there was in its mild, pleasant, conventional pathos and rather conscious execution to capture that ever-imminent thousand dollars. And we didn't like 'At Ephesus' much better; as a theme-instructor of the Higher Critic's used to say, we considered it 'adequate, but not distinguished.' As for the ordinary run, the 'great unprized,' we are no more enthusiastic. The Average Reader liked 'Wellington's Girl'; but the Higher Critic pronounced it a piece of blatant inanity. The Self-Made Man grins yet at a reference to 'The Moon, the Maid, and the Winged Shoes'; but the Average Reader considered it broad to the verge of coarseness. 'The Durn Fool' came nearer getting a unanimous vote than any other except 'The Telegram.' As for 'An Explanation by the Editor,' we agreed that we couldn't judge it, because we had been told too much about it beforehand. We knew what was going to happen. The Average Reader, however, was sure it wouldn't have appealed to her, anyway."

"In the midst of all this dil. rence of opinion, there is one point on which we are agreed: there is no typical 'COLLIER'S Story.' For a long time we believed that there must be; and we entered into the pursuit of it with a good deal of zest. After two or three years of study and discussion, we are sure that we know an 'Atlantic' story when we see (or write) it; and we are almost as sure of a 'Century' story, a 'McClure' story, an 'Everybody's' or a 'Smart Set' story. We even think we would know a 'Munsey's' or a 'Pearson's' story if, in an unguarded moment, we should read or perpetrate one. We have scaled the heights and sounded the depths. And we were pathetically sure that, with our combined acumen, we could learn to recognize a COLLIER'S story. What was the keynote—the similarity under the stimulating dissimilarities? Was it the literary quality? The Higher Critic hopefully inquired, gratefully remembering 'The Sick-A-Bed Lady' and 'A Village Child.' The Self-Made Man pointed by way of refutation to 'Wellington's Girl' and various tales of Alaska, Cuba, and Panama. His theory was that the standard was a purely commercial one; that the successful stories were selected from all sorts and kinds, with an eye single to the main chance, namely, the average reader. But the Average Reader indignantly reminded us that she was the most uniformly dissatisfied of all. And when we came to think of it, she really was. She was ready with a solution of scornful brevity; the true



Pozzoni's
COMPLEXION POWDER
Beautifies without any injurious after-effects. It is prepared of the purest materials only, and comes in a **Wooden Box**, which retains the delicate perfume until all is gone. Sold everywhere. Be sure to insist on getting **Pozzoni's**. All druggists have it or will get it for you.



Under the Overshirt Over the Undershirt
THE GENUINE ARE STAMPED "COATLESS"
Beware of Imitations.
It Gathers the Shirt and Fastens to Trouser Button.
Write for illustrated and descriptive Booklets and Folders.
"COATLESS" SUSPENDER (Patented July 4th, 1905)
The only practical Negligee or Full Dress Suspender.
Always invisible. Easy to put on and take off. Is double adjustable and may be tightened or loosened in front and back to suit wearer's requirements. Fastens at each hip button of the trousers, and supports them perfectly. Cool, comfortable, and negligible. For sale at all good shops or sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50c.
Beware of Imitations—The genuine are stamped "Coatless," patented July 4th, 1905.
CROWN SUSPENDER CO., 828 Broadway, New York
SUSPENDERS, BELTS, LEATHER AND ELASTIC GARTERS

Dentists

for years have been seeking a dentifrice which would correct all dental troubles, whiten the teeth and remove the causes of dental decay. Ordinary tooth powders, etc., are useless in that they simply clean mechanically. With the discovery of

CALOX

The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

came a revolution in dentifrices. Calox liberates oxygen in the crevices and on the surfaces of the teeth, removing all germs of decay, neutralizing destructive mouth acids and making the mouth wholesome, aseptic and clean.

Of all druggists 25 cents.

Sample and booklet on request
Guaranteed pure under Food and Drugs Act
McKESSON & ROBBINS, 91-97 Fulton St., New York



DOLCEOLA A Miniature Grand Piano
Played with keys like a piano and having a similar action.
"If you can whistle a tune, you can play it on the Dolceola." That's cheerful, isn't it? Well, that is the statement of a Dolceola enthusiast.
Take a Dolceola on your vacation trip; it will double the interest and your pleasure.
The Dolceola, capturing harmony and original construction give it instant popularity, and the hearty endorsement of musical experts everywhere.
The Dolceola, with its four full octaves, embodies the exquisite tone value of two guitars and two mandolins. Its action, while similar to that of the piano, is quicker and more simple, permitting effects impossible with the larger instrument. Any class of music can be played. Music lovers are delighted with it. You must have one.
Our Handsomely Illustrated Booklet Free.
Agents make big money.
The Toledo Symphony Co., 610 Snow Flake Bldg., Toledo, Ohio



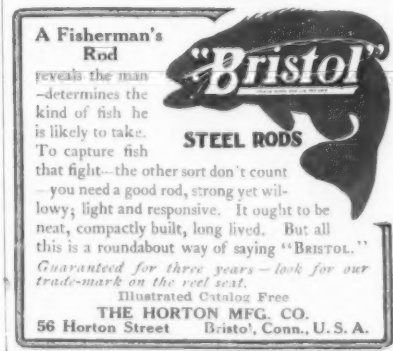
BRIGHTON FLAT CLASP GARTERS
Keeping up appearances starts with the keeping up of the socks. Brightons do it—and do more than this. The flat clasp works in harmony with a man's legs. The pure silk web (in many patterns and shades) gives long wear. All metal parts are heavy nickel-plated brass—neat, durable and cannot rust. If your dealer hasn't them in stock—a quarter brings you a pair postpaid.
PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market St., Philadelphia.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders.



I want everyone to try
C. MASPERO'S
Pure Olive Oil
It will be a positive revelation to all users of other oils. You do not really know what good Olive Oil is until you have tried Maspero's Pure Olive Oil.
Buy a trial can and compare it with what you are now using—that is all I ask. Guaranteed Pure, Serial No. 5400.
Packed in cans and bottles. CANS—1 gal. \$3.50, 1/2 gal. \$1.60, 1/4 gal. 80c.
SPECIAL OFFER—To introduce Maspero's Pure Olive Oil we will send a full pint can to any address, EXPRESS PREPAID, on receipt of 60c.
C. Maspero, Importer, Dept. C, 333 Greenwich St., N. Y.
(Pure Food Specialist.) Est. 1867.



You Can Make Money From the Start
With this little candy spinning machine, which pays for itself in the profits of a day or two. It has been in use three years and has proved a bigger success each year. Ambitious hustlers take in \$25 to \$50 a day. Why not gather in the dollars during vacation time, with the
EMPIRE
Candy Floss Machine
It takes a pound of sugar and in eight minutes turns it into 30 bags of silky, fluffy Candy Floss that sell at 5 cents each. Figure the profits yourself. People buy Candy Floss as fast as you can make it up. No trouble to find patrons.
The machine in operation is a curiosity that always attracts. No candy maker or expert knowledge needed. Write for prices and particulars.
EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE COMPANY
Fisher Bldg., Chicago




A Fisherman's Rod
reveals the man—determines the kind of fish he is likely to take.
To capture fish that fight—the other sort don't count—you need a good rod, strong yet willowy; light and responsive. It ought to be neat, compactly built, long lived. But all this is a roundabout way of saying "Bristol."
Guaranteed for three years—look for our trade-mark on the reel seat.
Illustrated Catalog Free
THE HORTON MFG. CO.
56 Horton Street Bristol, Conn., U.S.A.



GRAY MOTORS
6 H. P. Complete Outfit \$97.50
Suitable for 18 to 25 foot boats—6 H. P. Engine completely equipped shaft, wheel, stuffing box, batteries, coil, switch, muffler, wire, everything but tank and piping.
Write for prices and description of our 2 1/2 H. P. Motor, the lowest priced Boat Motor ever sold—power considered. Catalog showing all our Marine Engines from 2 1/2 to 40 H. P. in 1, 2, 3 and 4 cylinders sent free.
GRAY MOTOR CO., 26 Leib St., Detroit, Mich.

"BECK-IDEN"
The Perfect Light



Let us tell you about
This WONDERFUL LAMP
Uses no oil; has neither wick nor chimney. The nearest light to Daylight. Much more light than Kerosene, Gas or Electricity at less cost.
Absolutely safe, clean and convenient.
Don't you want to know more about this Perfect Light? Write today for Booklet 6, which tells.
Acetylene Lamp Co., 50 University Place, New York City
Also Montreal, Canada

Crown Make
Perforated Leather Garters.
(Patented April 23, 1907)



The only Leather Garter made with The "Cantlip" Slide Button Fastener (Patent Pending).
The only leather garter made that is positively perspiration and odor-proof. No other leather garter can truthfully claim this, our exclusive feature, because these all-important characteristics, Perforated Leather and Odor-Proof Fabric Lining, are firmly controlled by us and protected by patents.
The garters are MADE IN THREE sizes. Each size has three inches latitude for adjusting. To retail at
50 CENTS and \$1.00 a Pair
If your dealer can't supply you, we will, on receipt of price. Measure just below the knee to find size required.
CROWN SUSPENDER COMPANY, 828 Broadway, N. Y.
Write for Illustrated and Descriptive Booklet and Folders.

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL
We ship on approval, without a cent deposit, freight prepaid. **DO NOT PAY A CENT** if you are not satisfied after using the bicycle 10 days.
DO NOT BUY a bicycle or a pair of tires from anyone at any price until you receive our latest art catalogs illustrating every kind of bicycle, and have learned our unsound of price and marvelous new offers. It will cost you **ONE CENT** to write a postal and everything will be sent you free postpaid by return mail. You will get much valuable information. Do not wait, write it now. **TIRES, Coaster-Brakes, Built-up wheels and all sundries at half usual prices.**
MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W-54, CHICAGO


The Hammerless Tack
Solidhed Thumb Tacks
White and Colors, 20c doz. for wall and den decorations, curtains, display cards, blotters, etc.
Brass 10c, Steel 5c doz. for schools, artists, dressmakers, etc.
Numbered Tacks \$1 hundred for window screens and numbering systems.
On Sale at Stationery, Hardware and Dept. Stores
HAWKES - JACKSON CO. Makers, 84 Duane St., N. Y.



BIG POST CARD OFFER
20 comic cards, most original and catchy, 25c.
32 art cards, absolutely new, in beautiful colors, 75c.
25 CARDS GIVEN
To those sending \$1.00 now for both sets we will include, absolutely free, 25 cards of new and catchy subjects. Our line of art, fancy, comic, leather, photographic and telegraphic souvenir cards, is the largest, latest, most complete and exclusive on the market. Local view cards made to order from your own photographs.
DEALERS write for special prices and catalog listing 10,000 subjects, imported and domestic.
Booth, Wallace & Co., Dept. 6, 155 Washington St., Chicago



Old Runabout Owner
If you want as up to date car with plenty of power, free from vibration and light in weight, order today: One "Sintz 10 H.P." 2 cylinder opposed motor, guaranteed for one year. Write for full information to GUY L. SINTZ, 2636, Front St., Grand Rapids, Mich.



\$150 To \$200 Monthly
The Apollo Lawn Sweeper
Something new. Sells on sight. Sweeps lawns, walks, stable floors, etc. like a cat. Sweeper sweeps carpets. Gathers up cut grass, leaves, papers, sticks, all litter. A boy does the work of three men with rakes. People stop to watch it. Show twelve sell ten. Agents' profits large. Samples supplied. Exclusive territory. No experience required. Write today for territory and Sales Plan.
THE GREENE MFG. CO., Dept. H, Springfield, Ohio

COLLIER's story was a 'freak story.' Any sort would do, so that it was bizarre enough. But the Higher Critic stoutly defended a quiet, charming little tale of an old shoemaker, his spinster sister, and a baby—which she had enjoyed quite alone. Finally slowly and painfully we brought ourselves to face the fact: there is no COLLIER's story. It is a myth, like Santa Claus.

"The discovery is saddening. There ought to be a Santa Claus, and there ought to be a COLLIER's story. We know it will throw the circulation manager into a panic, but we can no longer withhold the confession: we have lost interest in the story-page of COLLIER's. Were it not for the somewhat lurid light shed upon it by that ever-imminent thousand, I fear we would stop reading it altogether, and extend our studies instead to the 'Argosy,' which at least has a definite policy. As for a remedy, if we were consulted, we could easily suggest plenty. The Higher Critic says the stories should always bear a certain stamp of literary authenticity. The Self-Made Man says they should be human, genuine, memorable, instead of merely straining, with a painful obviousness, after these things. The Average Reader is not very exacting. She says she only wants them to be 'good.' Sincerely yours,
C. W."

Here are some extracts from the letters of other correspondents:

"MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
"It is my opinion that of all the magazines in America, none publish more meritorious specimens of the short story than COLLIER's."
W. J. McG."

"ROCKY HILL, NEW JERSEY
"But who, after he has read the modern short story, is any better, and who has added to his little store of knowledge? No lasting benefit can be derived from reading modern wholesale fiction from the very nature of its rapid production."
"H. A. P."

"STANFORD UNIVERSITY, CALIFORNIA
"We like the fiction department in COLLIER's for two reasons: First, it differs from many other weeklies in leaving out the sensational stories; second, the stories are all not only interesting but profitable. I never read a story in COLLIER's but I feel better for it."
F. A. L."

"ELIZABETHTON, TENNESSEE
"I used to be a fair patron of magazines, but have quit them all wholly on account the fiction, and have COLLIER's marked for slaughter as soon as my subscription is out unless there is a marked improvement in this line."
"T. R. B."

"POPLARVILLE, MISSOURI
"The COLLIER's short stories are always good. I thought probably your future policy was indicated in 'The Pride of Craft.' That story will do much to help build the Canal."
M. C. N."

"COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO
"But of the stories published week by week, which you certainly pay enough for, I'd like to say that to me and to those whose point of view is similar, they lack salt, also artistic expression. All are good, 'point a moral and adorn a tale,' and all that sort of trash. But none of the stories leave the reader any thought to ponder; neither do they inculcate any emotional reflections, dreams of the past, or promises of the future, 'dry as summer dust,' and replete with dreary dialogue."
H. W."

"GEORGETOWN, SOUTH CAROLINA
"Their originality, candor, realism, and moral are responsible for their popularity. Give us more."
L. S."

"DOWAGIAC, MICHIGAN
"I read your \$5,000 story 'about a nigger,' and what better view of life did I get from it? Not any. I was surprised that a story dealing with a new environment in fiction should fool your judges."
H. C. M."

"APPLETON, WISCONSIN
"My attention was first drawn to COLLIER's by the Prize Story contest. I bought the number containing 'Fagan,' and since then have been a regular subscriber."
R. L."

"ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO
"As the representative of the average reader, I charge your fiction with lack of interest because of overspecialization. Out of twelve late issues of COLLIER's, I find only two stories which are of general interest. In order to appreciate and, in some cases, even to understand the others, I must have been soldier, sailor, physician, nurse, journalist, chauffeur—and I don't know what besides."
"R. F. A."

"COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI
"I enjoy the stories immensely, and find them most refreshing after the average magazine kind."
A. W. O."

"MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
"You are in a rut. Your paper is like the hotel food that at first is delightful, but soon loses all individuality, and eventually reaches a point where, from caviar to coffee, everything tastes the same."
H. G."

"BINGHAMTON, NEW YORK
"And not until I had taken COLLIER's about six months did I awaken to the fact that I was losing a lot of good, wholesome, live, interesting reading. And now I can hardly wait for the next paper."
C. M. F."

"PITTSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
"Why not 'cut out' all regular contributions of fiction from COLLIER's?"
"G. V."

"MERRILL, WISCONSIN
"Since COLLIER's inaugurated its new policy regarding fiction, it has had precisely the effect of a fresh breeze wafted into a close room. And now that we have been revived, and our sluggish mentalities roused to alertness, we would find it hard to readjust ourselves to old conditions; the elixir of the fresh air has had the potency of a celestial tonic, and we decline to lie any longer in our 'sleepy sin' of tolerance, but with every faculty aroused demand the fiction that is the highest expression of the art."
F. S. T."

"GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
"I have never read a story in COLLIER's that did not inspire a noble thought and enable me to forget life as others daily print it, and to feel that it can be truly lived."
V. A."

"CHICAGO, ILL.
"Your stories have no good or moral influence, but tend only to drive one to insanity and suicide. As some one remarked, 'the only good part in their stories is the part left out.'"
W. L. B."

"ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA
"It is very apparent that the editor is leaving no stone unturned to unearth fiction that is morally uplifting."
"One special attraction for me is that the moral in each story is so thoroughly impressed."
W. K."

"WASHINGTON, D. C.
"You can please all the people some of the time, some of the people all of the time, but the hardest of tasks is to please all the people all of the time."
"In my estimation, COLLIER's does all in its power to please all the people all of the time."
K. J."

UNSWEETENED CONDENSED MILK

Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk is ideal milk, collected under perfect sanitary conditions, condensed in a vacuum to the consistency of cream, preserved by sterilization only. Suitable for any modification and adapted to all purposes where milk or cream is required.—Adc.

6% on Your Savings

THE opportunity to secure 6% interest on surplus funds—or to have your savings earn such a return while you are accumulating capital—is surely sufficiently attractive to urge a close investigation of the investment and its security.

For nearly twenty years this Company has been paying 6% to thousands of conservative investors the country over—at the same time earning and accumulating Assets of \$9,446,095, including Capital and Surplus of \$1,519,518.

You owe it to your own financial interests to secure full information concerning A-R-E Six Per Cent Gold Bonds and the security on which they are based—the ownership of selected New York real estate. These Bonds are issued in two forms:

6% Coupon Bonds—For Income Earning
6% Accumulative Bonds—For Income Saving

Write for literature today—then consider if this is not the best investment you could make.

American Real Estate Co.
610 NIGHT AND DAY
BANK BLDG.
Fifth Ave. and 44th St.
New York City

THE BEST SECURITY ON EARTH

Raise SQUABS It Pays

all the year round—even with small capital

You are sure to succeed if you start right—with straight-bred properly mated Homers. Squabs raised from our stock are finest, plumpest, and bring highest prices, at one month of age.

We Absolutely Guarantee Actual Mating of Every Pair We Sell

We also teach you the business from beginning to end, and as we have succeeded, we can "Show" you how. Write for our free booklet and testimonials.

ATLANTIC SQUAB CO., Box E, DA COSTA, N. J.

Binder for Collier's
\$1.25 Express Prepaid

Half morocco, with title in gold. With patent clasps, so that the numbers may be inserted weekly. Will hold a full year's issue. Sent by express prepaid on receipt of price.

Address
416 West 13th Street, New York

SAVES FOOD, FUEL AND LABOR
To the extent of over 100% on the cost annually.

O-H-I-O Combination Steam Cooker—Baker
Does all this—only costs \$2.00 and up. We absolutely guarantee the O-H-I-O Cooker to cook entire meal over one burner.

Save 50% of fuel bills
Save 25% of meat bills
Save 50% of doctors' bills
Save 50% of labor

Handsomely Illustrated Catalog Free. \$1.00 Cook Book for 4c postage.

We want good agents, \$30 and \$40 weekly and expenses.
O-H-I-O COOKER CO.
626 Jefferson Ave., TOLKIN, Ohio




Steel Swings

EVERY PART A SPRING

Three seats. Room for 9. Strong as a bridge. Self-lubricating. No noise. Fine canopy and seats. Satisfaction or money back. First in each town at WHOLESALE.

D. H. BAUSMAN
Dept. Col., Bausman, Lane, Co., Pa.



OUR 6% COUPON

CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT

WE issue Coupon Certificates of Deposit on Savings so that while your money is earning 6 per cent interest, compounded semi-annually, it is safeguarded and your Banking By Mail account is simplified. We have learned through 14 years of successful experience.

EQUITABLE BANKING & LOAN CO.
SAVON, GA.

Write for booklet B today.

Allwin

BEST FOR BABY

If your doctor cannot supply you, write us. Best Baby Carriage Made. Don't take a substitute.

Write for Free Book containing Baby Record and Valuable information for mother.

SHAW REURANTILE CO.
23-11th Street
ELIHART, IND.

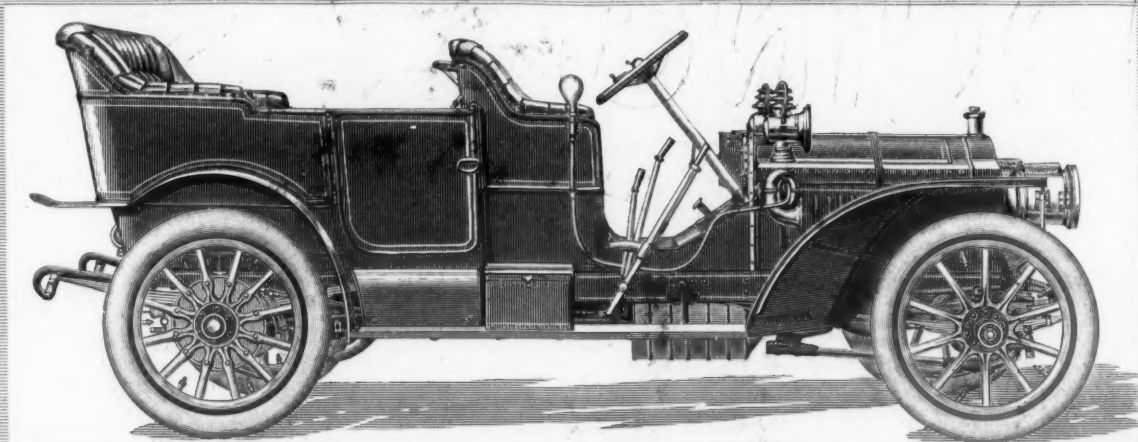


High Grade Men and Women Agents

to take measurements for **RACINE TAILOR MADE UNDERWEAR**. Made strictly to measure. Not sold in stores. A fine line, sells only to high class trade. Liberal compensation. Write for particulars, samples, and mention territory you would like.

C. W. HAYES, Manager, Dept. B, Stevens Point, Wis.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION COLLIER'S



Packard "THIRTY" 1908

FOR the season of 1908, the Packard Motor Car Company continues its time-tried policy of devoting its great factory to the production of motor cars of one model—a new Packard "Thirty." In its most notable form this is a touring car, and also is furnished as a runabout, limousine, and landaulet, or equipped with Cape cart or Victoria top. Capable, modish in design and luxurious in appointment, the car is a Packard throughout, with improved detail and refined construction. The price of the touring car, in standard finish and equipment, is \$4,200.00, f. o. b. Detroit.

Packard Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK



TRY *all* the shaving soaps, compare them point by point—it's worth your while. In that way *only* can you be *sure* you have the *best*.

We believe that you will find Colgate's Shaving Stick *best* in its moist, creamy, skin-refreshing lather.

- ☐ *Best* in its entire lack of any free or uncombined alkali, which means nothing in the soap to "smart the face."
- ☐ *Best* in its generous size and marked antiseptic qualities.
- ☐ *Best* in the clear and explicit directions which come with every stick, telling you how to shave in the modern and scientific way.
- ☐ *Best* in its handsome nickeled box with its convenient screw top.
- ☐ *Best* at every point, not just because we *say* so, but because, with thought and time and money, we have *made* it so.

That is why we say, try all the shaving soaps. We leave the final choice to your own judgment.

A Trial Stick in Nickeled Box, enough for a month's shaving, will be sent you on receipt of 4c. in stamps. Write Colgate & Co., Dept. W, 55 John Street, New York.